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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Greenes Tu=quoque

or

The City Gallant

by IO. COOKE

1614

Facsimile

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

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Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXIII

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*This facsimile is from an original in the British Museum.
There is another copy in Bodley. Another edition appeared in
1622 and another undated (? 1640).*

*Mr. Bullen supplied all that is known of the author in his
article in "The Dictionary of National Biography."*

JOHN S. FARMER.

Greenes Tu quoque,

OR,
The Cittie Gallant.

*As it hath bene divers times acted by the Queens
Majesties Servants.*

Written by Io. COOKE Gent.



Printed at London for Iohn Trundle. 1614.



To the Reader.

TO gratulate the loue and memory of my worthy friend the Author, and my entirely beloved Fellow, the Actor, I could not chuse being in the way iust when this Play was to be published in Print, but to prefixe some token of my affection to either in the frontispire of the Booke. For the Gentleman that wrote it, his Poem it selfe can better speake his praise, then any Oratory from me. Nor can I tell whether this worke was diuulged with his consent or no: but howsoeuer, since it hath past the Test of the stage with so generall an applause, pitty it were but it should likewise haue the honour of the Presse. As for Maister Greene, all that I will speake of him (and that without flattery) is this (if I were worthy to censure) there was neer an Actor of his nature in his time of better ability in performance of what he undertooke, more applaudent by the Audience, of greater grace at the Court, or of more generall loue in the Citty, and so with this brieffe character of his memory, I commit him to his rest,

Thomas Heywood

Vpon the death of Thomas Greene.

*How fast bleake Autumne changeth Floraes dye,
What yester day was (Greene) now's seare & dry.*

W. R.

*Vpon the Death of Thomas Greene.
How fast bleake Autumne changeth Floras dye,
What yester day was Greene now's seare & dry.*



Greenes Tu Quoque.

A Mercers Shop discovered, *Gartred* working in it, *Spendall* walking by the Shop: *M. Ballance* walking over the Stage: after him *Longfield* and *Geraldine*.

Francis.



Hat lacke you sir? faire stufes, or velucts?

Ball. Good morrow *Franke*.

Fran. Good morrow master *Ballance*.

Gerald. Saue you master *Long-field*.

Long. And you sir, what businesse drawes you toward this end o' th towne?

Gerald. Faith no great serious affaires, onely a stirring humour to walke, and partly to see the beauties of the Citie; but it may be you can instruct me: pray whose shop's this?

Long. Why tis *Will Rasbes* fathers, a man that you are well acquainted with. *Enter a wench with a basket of*

Ger. As with your selfe; and is that his sister? *lunen*

Long. Marry is it sir.

Ger. Pray let vs walke, I would beholde her better.

Wench. Buy some quaifes, handkerchers, or very good bonelace Mistris.

Gart. None.

Wench. Will you buy any handkerchers, sir?

Spend. Yes, haue you any fine ones?

Wench. Ile shew you choice, please you looke sir?

Spend. How now! what newes?

P

Wench,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Wench. Mistris Tickleman has sent you a Letter, and expects your company at night, and intreats you to send her an angell, whether you can come, or whether you can not.

Her reader.

Spend. Sweet rascal! If your loue be as earnest as your protestation, you will meete me this night at Supper, you know the randeuows, there will be good company, a noise of choice Fiddlers, a fine boy with an excellent voice, very good songs and bawdy; and which is more, I doe purpose my selfe to be exceeding merry: but if you come not, I shall powt my selfe sicke, and not eate one bit to night.

Your continuall close friend,

Nan Tickle-man.

I pray send me an angell by this bearer, whether ye can come, or whether ye cannot.

What's the price of these two?

Wench. Halfe a crowne in truth, sir.

Spend. Hold thee, there's an angell, and commend me to my delight, tell her I will not faile her, though I loose my freedome by't.

Exit wench.

Wench. I thanke you sir; buy any fine handkerchers?

Long. You are taken sir extreamely, what's the obiect?

Gerald. Shee's wonderous faire.

Long. Nay, and your thoughts bee on wenching Ile leaue you.

Gerald. You shall not be so vnfriendly, pray assist mee; Wee'l to the shop and cheapeen stufes or sattins.

Spend. What lacke you Gentlemen? fine stufes, veluets, or sattins? pray come neare.

Ger. Let me see a good sattin.

Spend. You shall sir, what colour?

Ger. Faith I am indifferent, what colour most affects you Lady?

Gari. Sir!

Ger. Without offence (faire creature) I demaund it.

Gari.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Gart. Sir, I beleue it, but I neuer did
Tie my affection vnto any colour.

Ger. But my affection (fairest) is fast tied
Vnto the crimson colour of your cheek.

Gart. You rellish too much Courtier, sir.

Long. What's the price of this?

Spend. Fifteene indeede sir.

Long. You set a high rate on't, it had neede be good.

Spend. Good! if you find a better i'th towne, Ile giue you
mine for nothing: if you were my owne brother, I'de put it in-
to your hands, looke vpon't, t'is close wrought, and has an
excellent glasse.

Long. I, I see't.

Spend. Pray sir come into the next roome; I'll shew you
that of a lower price shall (perhappes) better please you.

Long. This fellow has an excellent tongue, sure hee was
brought vp in the Exchange.

Spend. Will you come in sir?

Long. No, t'is no matter, for I meane to buy none.

Gerald. Pre thee walke in, what you bargaine for, Ile dis-
charge.

Long. Say so; fall to your worke, Ile be your chapman.

Ger. Why doe you say I flatter? *Exeunt Spend. Long.*

Gart. Why? you doe;

And so doe all men when they women wooe.

Ger. Who lookes on heauen, and not admires the worke?

Who viewes a well cut Diamond, does not praise

The beauty of the Stone? if these deserue

The name of Excellent, I lacke a word

For thee which meritst more,

More then the tongue of man can attribute.

Gart. This is pretty Poetry, good fiction this: Sir, I must
leauce you.

Ger. Leauce with me first some comfort.

Gart. What would you craue?

Gerald. That which I feare you will not let me haue.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Gart. You doe not know my bounty; Say what t'is.

Ger. No more (faire creature) then a modest kisse.

Gart. If I should giue you one, would you reframe,
on that condition, ne'r to begge againe.

Ger. I dare not grant to that.

Gart. Then't seemes you haue,
Though you get nothing, a delight to craue,
One will not hurt my lippe, which you may take,
Not for your loue, but for your absence sake. So farewell sir.

Ger. O fare thee well (faire regent of my soule)
Neuer let ill sit neere thee, vnlesse it come
To purge it selfe; be as thou euer seemst,
An Angell of thy Sex, borne to make happy
The man that shall possesse thee for his Bride.

Enter Spendall and Longfield.

Spen. Will you haue it for thirteene shillings and six pence?
He fall to as lowe a price as I can, because He buy your cus-
tome.

Long. How now man! what! intranced?

Ger. Good sir, ha you done?

Long. Yes faith, I thinke as much as you, and t'is iust no-
thing: where's the wench?

Gerald. Shee's heere sir, heere.

Long. Vds pittie! vnbutton man, thou'lt stifle her else.

G. r. Nay good sir, will you goe?

Long. With all my heart, I stay but for you.

Spen. Doe you heare sir?

Long. What say?

Spend. Will you take it for thirteene?

Long. Not a penny more then I bid. *Ex. Ger. & Long.*

Spend. Why then say you might haue had a good bargain;
Where's this boy to make vp the wares? heere's some tenne
peeces opened, and all to no purpose. *Enter Boy.*

Boy. O *Franks*! shut vp shop, shut vp shop.

Spend. Shut vp shop, boy, why?

Boy. My Master is come from the Court knighted, and bid

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vs, for he sayes he will haue the first yeare of the reigne of his
Knighthood kept holiday; here he comes. *Enter sir Lionell.*

Spend. God giue your worship ioy, sir.

Sir Lion. O *Francke*! I haue the worship now in the right
kinde, the sword of Knighthood sticks stil vpon my shoulders,
and I feele the blow in my purse, it has cut two leather bagges
asunder; but all's one, honour must be purchac'd: I will giue
ouer my Citty coate, and betake my selfe to the Court iacket;
as for trade, I will deale in't no longer, I will seate thee in my
shop, and it shall be thy care to aske men what they lacke, my
stocke shall be summed vp, and I will call thee to an account
for it.

Spend. My seruice sir, neuer deseru'd so much,
Nor could I euer hope so large a bounty
Could spring out of your loue.

Sir Lion. That's all one,
I do loue to do things beyond mens hopes;
To morrow I remooue into the Strand,
There for this quarter dwell, the next at *Fulham*:
He that hath choice, may shift, the whilst thou
Be maister of this house, and rent it free.

Spend. I thanke you sir.

Sir Lion. To day Ile go dine with my Lord Maior: to mor-
row with the Sherifes, and next day with the Aldermen, I will
spread the Ensigne of my knighthood ouer the face of the Cit-
ty, which shall strike as great a terrour to my enemies, as euer
Tamberlaine to the Turkes.

Come *Francke*, come in with me, and see the meate,
Vpon the which my knighthood first shall eate. *Ex: omnes.*

Enter Staines.

Staines. There is a diuell has haunted me these three yeares,
in likenesse of an Usurer, a fellow that in all his life neuer eat
three groat loaves out of his owne purse, nor neuer warmed
him but at other mens fires, neuer saw a ioynt of mutton in his
owne house these foure and twenty yeares, but alwayes co-
ned the poore prisoners, for he alwayes bought his victualls

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out of the almshouse-basket, and yet this rogue now feedes vpon
capon which my tenants sent him out of the Countrey; he is
Landlord forsooth ouer all my possessions: well, I am spent,
and this rogue has consumed me; I dare not walke abroad to
see my friends, for feare the Sericants should take acquaintance
of me: my refuge is Ireland, or Virginia; necessitie cries
out, and I will presently to Westchester. *Enter Bubble.*
How now! *Bubble* hast thou pack'd vp all thy things? our part-
ing time is come: nay prethee doe not weepe.

Bub. Affection fir will burst out.

Staines. Thou hast beene a faithfull seruant to me, go to thy
vncl, hee'll giue thee entertainement, tell him vpon the sto-
nie rocke of his mercilesse hart my fortunes suffer shipwracke.

Bub. I will tell him he is an vsuring rascall, and one that
would do the Common-wealth good, if he were hanged.

Staines. Which thou hast cause to wish for, thou arte his
heire, my affectionate *Bubble*.

Bub. But Maister, wherefore should we be parted? (full.

Staines. Because my fortunes are desperate, thine are hope-

Bub. Why but whither doe you meane to goe Maister?

Staines. Why to Sea.

Bub. To sea! Lord blesse vs, me thinks I heare of a tempest
already, but what will you doe at Sea? (pyrate.

Staines. Why as other Gallants doe that are spent, turne

Bub. O Maister! haue the grace of Wapping before your
eyes, remember a high tide, giue not your friends cause to wet
their handkerchers: nay Maister, Ile tell you a better course
then so, you and I will goe and robbe mine vncl; if we scape,
wee'll dominie together, if we be taken, wee'll be hanged
together at Tyburne, that's the warmer gallowes of the two.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. By your leaue fir, whereabouts dwels one M. *Bubble*?

Bub. Doe you heare, my friend, doe you know M. *Bubble*
if you doe see him?

Mes. No in truth doe I not.

Bub. What is your businesse with Maister *Bubble*?

Mes.

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Mef. Marty fir, I come with welcome newes to him.

Bub. Tell it, my friend, I am the man.

Mef. May I be assured fir, that your name is master *Bubble*?

Bub. I tell thee, honest friend, my name is master *Bubble*,
Master *Bartholomew Bubble*.

Mef. Why then fir, you are heire to a million, for your vncle the rich vsurer is dead.

Bub. Pray thee honest friend, goe to the next Haberdashers, and bid him send me a new melancholy hat, and take thou that for thy labour.

Mef. I will fir. *Exit.*

Enter another Messenger hastily, and knocks.

Bub. Vmh, vmh, vmh.

Sta. I would the newes were true; see how my little *Bubble* is blowne vp with it! (there?)

Bub. Doe you heare, my friend, for what doe you knocke

2. *Mef.* Marry fir, I would speake with the worshipfull Master *Bubble*.

Bub. The worshipfull! and what would you doe with the worshipfull Master *Bubble*? I am the man.

2. *Mef.* I cry your worship mercy then, Master Thong the Belt-maker sent me to your worship, to giue you notice, that your vncle is dead, and that you are his onely heire. *Exit.*

Bub. Thy newes is good, and I haue look'd for't long,
Thanks vnto thee, my friend, and Goodman Thong.

Enter Maister Blancke.

Staines. Certainly, this newes is true: for see another, by this light his Scriuener! now Mr. *Blancke*, whither away so fast?

Bla. Maister *Staines*, God saue you, where is your man?

Staines. Why looke you fir, do you not see him?

Bla. God saue the right worshipfull master *Bubble*; I bring you heauy newes with a light heart.

Bub. What are you?

Bla. I am your worships poore Scriuener.

Bub. He is an honest man it seems, for he has both his eares.

Bla. I am one that your worships vncle committed some trust

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trust in for the putting out of his mony, and I hope I shall haue the putting out of yours.

Bub. The putting out of mine! would you haue the putting out of money?

Bla. Yea sir.

Bub. No sir, I am olde enough to put out my owne mony.

Bla. I haue writings of your worships.

Sta. As thou lou'st thy profite, hold thy tongue, thou and I will conferre.

Bub. Do you heare, my friend, can you tell me when, and how my vncl died? (Butcher?)

Bla. Yes sir, he died this morning, and hee was kill'd by a

Bub. How! by a Butcher?

Bla. Yes indeed sir, fongging this morning into the Market, to cheapeen meate, hee sell downe starke dead, because a Butcher ask'd him foure shillings for a shoulder of Mutton.

Bu. How stark dead? & could not *aqua-vita* fetch him again?

Bla. No sir, nor *Rosa-solis* neither, and yet there was triall made of both.

Bu. I shall loue *aqua-vite* & *rosa solis* the better while I liue.

Sta. Will it please your worship to accept of my poore seruice, you know my case is desperate, I beseech you that I may feed vpon your bread, tho it be of the brownest, and drinke of your drinke tho it be of the smallest, for I am humble in body, and dejected in minde, and will do your worship as good seruice for forty shillings a yeare, as another shall for 3. pounds.

Bub. I will not stand with you for such a matter, because you haue-beene my master, but otherwise, I will entertaine no man without some Knights or Ladies Letter for their behauiour, *Gernase* I take it is your christen name.

Sta. Yes if it please your worship.

Bub. Well *Gernase*, be a good seruant, and you shall finde me a dutifull master: and because you haue-beene a Gentleman, I will entertaine you for my Tutor in behauiour; Conduct me to my pallace.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Geraldine as in his study reading.

Ger. As little children loue to play with fire

And

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And will not leaue till they themselves doe burne,
 So did I fondly dally with Desire:
 Vntill Loues flames grew hote, I could not turne,
 Nor well auoyde; but sigh and sob, and mourne
 As children doe, whenas they feele the paine,
 Till tender mother kisse them whole againe.
 Fie, what vnfauey stuffe is this? but shee,
 Whose mature iudgement can distinguish things,
 Will thus conceit; tales that are harsher told,
 Haue smoothest meanings, and to speake are bold:
 It is the first-borne Sonet of my braine,
 We suck'd a white lease from my blacke-lipp'd penne
 So sad employment, *Enter Will Rafe and Long field.*
 Yet the dry paper drinks it vp as deep,
 As if it flow'd from *Petrarkes* cunning Quill.

Raf. How now! what haue we heere, a Sonet and a Satire
 coupled together like my Ladies Dogge and her Munkie; *As*
little children &c.

Ger. Prethee away, by the deepest oath that can be sworne,
 thou shalt not reade it, by our friendship I coniure thee, pre
 thee let goe.

Raf. Now in the name of *Cupid*, what want'st thou, a pi-
 geon, a doue, a mate, a turtle, dost loue fowle, ha?
 O no, shee's fairer thrice then is the Queene,
 Whom beauteous *Venus* called is by name, pre thee let mee
 know what she is thou louest, that I may shunne her, if I should
 chance to meeete her.

Long. Why Ile tell you fir what she is, if you do not know.

Raf. No not I, I protest. *Long.* Why 't is your sister.

Raf. How! my sister? *Long.* Yes, your eldest sister.

Raf. Now God blesse the man, he had better chuse a wench
 that has been borne and bred in an alley, her tongue is a perpe-
 tuall motion, Thought is not so swift as it is; and for pride, the
 woman that had her Ruffe poak'd by the diuell, is but a Pus-
 tan to her, thou could'st neuer haue fastned thy affection on a
 worse subiect, shee's a fowle faster then a court-waiting woman

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in progresse, any man that comes in the way of honesty does she set her marke vpon, that is, a villainous leaſt; for ſhe is a kinde of Poetesse, and will make Ballads vpon the calues of your legges: I pre thee let her alone, ſhee'l neuer make a good wife for any man vnleſſe it be a Leather dresser; for perſhabe he, in time, may turne her.

Ger. Thou haſt a Priuiledge to vter this,
But by my life my owne bloud could not ſcape
A chaſtice ment for thus prophaneing her,
Whoſe vertues ſits aboue mens calumnies,
Had mine owne brother ſpoke thus liberally,
My fury ſhould haue taught him better manners.

Long. No more words as you feare a challenge.

Raſh. I may tell thee in thine care, I am glad to heare what I do; I pray God ſend her no worſe husband, nor he no worſe wife: do you heare loue, will you take your Cloak and Rapier, and walke abroad into ſome wholeſome aire? I do much feare thy infection, good counsell I ſee will do no good on thee, but purſue the end, and to thy thoughts, Ile proue a faithfull friend.

Enter Spendall, Nan Tickleman, Sweatman, Purſenet, and a Drawer.

Spend. Here's a ſpacious roome to walke in, firra ſet downe the candle, and fetch vs vp a quart of Ipocras, and ſo wee'l part.

Sweat. Nay faith Sonne, wee'l haue a pottle, let's ne'r be couetous in our yong dayes.

Spend. A pottle firra, doe you heare?

Dra. Yes fir, you ſhall.

Spend. How now Wench! how doſt?

Tickle. Faith I am ſomewhat ſicke, yet I ſhould be well enough if I had a new gowne.

Spend. Why heere's my hand, within theſe three dayes thou ſhalt haue one.

Sweat. And will you (ſonne) remember me for a new ſorce-part, by my troth, my old one is worne ſo bare, I am aſham'd any body ſhould ſee't.

Spend. Why, did I euer faile of my promiſe?

Sweat.

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Sweat. No in sinceritie didst thou not. *Enter Drawer.*

Dra. Heere's a cup of rich *Ipocras*.

Spend. Here sister, mother, and master *Pursnet*; nay good fir, be not so dejected, for by this wine, to morrow I will send you stuffe for a new suite, and as much as shall line you a cloake cleane through.

Purs. I thanke you, and shall study to deserue.

Spend. Heere boy, fill, and hang that *eurmogin* that's good for no body but himselfe.

Purs. Heroickly spoken by this Candle, 'tis pity thou wert not made a Lord.

Spend. A Lord! by this Light I doe not thinke but to bee Lord Maior of London before I die, and haue three Pageants carried before me, besides a Shippe and an *Vnicorne*; prentices may pray for that time, for whensoever it happens, I will make another *Shrouetuesday* for them. *Enter Drawer.*

Dra. Yong master *Rash* has sent you a quart of *Maligoe*.

Spend. M: *Rash*! zownds how does he know I am here?

Dra. Nay, I know not fir.

Spend. Know not! it comes through you and your rascally glib-tongu'd companions, 'tis my Masters sonne, a fine gentleman he is, & a boon companion, I must go see him. *Exit Spend.*

Sweat. Boy, fill vs a cup of your *maligo*, wee'l drinke to M. *Spendall* in his absence, there's not a finer spirit of a Cittizen within the walles, here master *Pursnet* you shall pledge him.

Purs. Ile not refuse it were it puddle: by *Sticks* is a bountifull Gentleman, and I shall report him so: heere M. *Tickle-man*, shall I charge you?

Tickle. Doe your worst Sergeant, Ile pledge my yoong *Spendall* a whole sea, as they say, fa la la la la, would the *Muncke* were heere againe, I doe beginne to be wanton, *Ipocras* firra, and a drie bisket; here baww, a carowse.

Sweat. Bawd! Ifaith you beginne to grow light ith head, I pray, no more such words, for if you doe, I shall grow into distempers.

Tickle. Distempers! hang your distempers, be angry with me.

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me and thou dar'st, I pray, who feedes you, but I? who keepe the feather-beddes from the Brokers, but I? tis not your sawge face, thicke-clowted creame rampallion at home, that snuffles in the nose like a decayed Bagge-pipe.

Purs. Nay, sweete Mistris *Tickle-man*, be concordant, reuerence Antiquitie.

Enter Rast, Langfield, and Spendal.

Rast. Saue you, sweete creatures of beauty, saue you:
How now olde *Belzebub*, how dost thou?

Sweat. *Belzebub!* *Belzebub* in thy face.

Spend. Nay, good words Mistris *Sweatman*, hee's a young Gallant, you must not weigh what he sayes.

Rast. I would my lamentable complayning Louer had beene heere; heere had beene a Superfedas for his melancholy, and ysaieth *Francke* I am glad my father has turn'd ouer his shop to thee, I hope I, or any friend of mine, shall haue so much credite with thee, as to stand in thy hookes for a suite of Sattin.

Spend. For a whole peece, if you please, any friend of yours shall command me to the last remnant.

Rast. Why God a mercy *Francke*, what, shall's to dice?

Spend. Dice or drinke, heere's forty crownes, as long as that will last, any thing.

Rast. Why there spoke a gingling Boy.

Spend. A pox of money, 't is but rubbish, and he that hoord's it vp, is but a Seauenger: if there be cardes ith house, let's goe to *Primero*.

Rast. *Primero!* why I thought thou hadst not been so much gamster as to play at it.

Spend. Gamster (to say truth) I am none, but what is it I will not be in good company? I will fit my selfe to all humors, I will game with a Gamster, drinke with a drunkard, be ciuill with a citizen, fight with a Swaggerer, and drabbe with a whoore-master.

Enter a Swaggerer passing.

Rast.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Rash. An excellent humour yfaith:

Long. Zownds what haue we heere?

Spend. A land Porpoise, I thinke.

Rash. This is no angry, nor no roaring boy, but a blustering boy; now *Eolus* defend vs, what pusses are these?

Swag. I doe smell a whoore.

Dra. O Gentlemen, giue him good words, hee's one of the roaring boyes.

Swag. Rogue.

Dra. Heere sit.

Swag. Take my cloake, I must vn buckle, my pickled oysters worke; puffe, puffe.

Spend. Puffe, puffe.

Swag. Dost thou retort; in opposition stand.

Spend. Out you swaggering Rogue, Zownds Ile kicke him out of the roome. *Beates him away.*

Tickle. Our alas! their naked foolles are out.

Spend. Feare not (sweet heart;) come along with me.

Enter Gairred sola.

Exeunt omnes.

Gair. Thrice happy dayes they were, and too soone gone;

When as the heart was coupled with the tongue,
And no deceitfull flattery or guile;

Hung on the Louers teare-commixed smile:

Could women learne but that imperiousnesse,

By which men vse to stint our happinesse,

When they haue purchast vs for to be theirs,

By customarie sighs and forced teares,

To giue vs bittes of kindnesse lest we faint,

But no abondance, that we euer want,

And still are begging; which too well they know

Enderes affection, and doth make it grow:

Had we these sleights, how happy were we then,

That we might glory ouer loue-sicke men?

But Arts we know not; nor haue any skill,

To faine a sowre looke to a pleasing will,

Nor cowl a secret loue in shew of hate:

Enter Ioyse.

But

Greenes Tu Quoque.

But if we like, must be compassionate;
Yet I will striue to bridle and conceale,
The hid affection which my heart doth feele.

Joyce Now the boy with the Bird-bolt be prais'd : nay faith
sister forward, 't'was an excellent passion, come let's heare,
what is hee? if hee be a proper man, and haue a blacke eye, a
smooth chinne, and a curld pate, take him wench, if my father
will not consent, runne away with him, I'll helpe to conuey
you.

Gart. You talke strangely sister.

Joyce Sister, sister, dissemble not with me, though you doe
meane to dissemble with your louer; though you haue pro-
tested to conceale your affection; by this tongue you shall not,
for I'll discouer all as soone as I know the Gentleman.

Gart. Discouer, what will you discouer?

Joyce Mary, enough I'll warrant thee, first and formost, I'll
tell him thou readst loue-passions in print, and speakest euerie
merring without booke to thy looking-glasse; next, that thou
neuer sleepest, till an houre after the Bell-man; that as soone as
thou art asleepe, thou art in a dreame, and in a dreame thou art
the kindest and comfortablest bed-fellow for kissings and
embracings; by this hand, I can not rest for thee, but our fa-
ther. —

Enter sir Lyonell.

Lyonell. How now! what are you two consulting on, on
husbands? you thinke you loose time I am sure, but holde
your owne a litle Girles, it shall not be long ere I'll prouide
for you: and for you *Gartred*, I haue bethought my selfe alrea-
Whirle-pis the vsurer is late deceast, (dy,
A man of vnknowne wealth, which he has left
Vnto a prouident kinsman as I heare,
That was once seruant to that vnthrift *Staines*.
A prudent Gentleman they say he is,
And (as I take it) called maister *Bubble*.

Joyce Bubble!

Lyonell Yes nimble-chappes, what say you to that?

Joyce

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Ioyce. Nothing, but that I wish his Christer name were
Waken.

Garr. Sir, I'm at your disposing, but my minde
Stands not as yet towards marriage,
Were you so please I would a little longer
Enjoy the quiet of a single bed.

Lyonell. Heere's the right trickes of them all, let a man
Be motion'd to ym, they could be content
To leade a single life forsooth, when the harlotries
Doe pine and runne into diseases,
Eate chalke and oate-meale, cry and creep in corners,
Which are manifest tokens of their longings,
And yet they will dissemble. But *Garr.*
As you doe owe me reuerence, and will pay it,
Prepare your selfe to like this Gentleman,
Who can maintaine thee in thy choice of Gownes,
Of tyres, of seruants, and of costly Jewells;
Nay for a neede, out of his easie nature,
Mai't draw him to the keeping of a Coach
For Countrey, and Carroach for London,
Indeed what mightst thou not.

Enter a Seruant.

Seruant. Sir, here's one come from Master *Bubble*, to inuite
you to the funerall of his vncke.

Lyonell. Thanke the Messenger, and make him drinke,
Tell him I will not faile to wait the coarfe,
Yet stay, I will goe talke with him my selfe.

Garr. thinke vpon what I haue tolde you,
And let me er't be long receiue your answere.

Exeunt Lyonell & Ser.

Ioyce. Sister, sister.

Garr. What say you sister?

Ioyce. Shall I prouide a Cord?

Garr. A Cord! what to doe?

Ioyce. Why to let thee out at the window; doe not I know
that thou wilt runne away with the Gentleman, for whom you
made

Greenes Tu Quoque.

made the passion, rather then indure this same *Bubble*, that my father talkes of, t'were good you would let mee bee of your councell, lest I breake the necke of your plot.

Gart. Sister, know I loue thee,
And I'll not thinke a thought thou shalt not know;
I loue a Gentleman that answers me,
In all the rites of loue as faithfully,
Has woo'd me oft with Sonets, and with teares,
Yet I seeme still to slight him: Experience tells,
The Iewell that's enioy'd is not esteem'd,
Things hardly got, are alwayes highest deem'd.

Ioyce You say wel sister, but it is not good to linger out too long, continuance of time will take away any mans stomacke i'th world; I hope the next time that he comes to you, I shall see him.

Gart. You shall.

Ioyce Why goe to then, you shall haue my opinion of him, if he deserue thee, thou shalt delay him no longer; for if you can not finde in your heart to tell him you loue him, I'll sigh it out for you; come, we little creatures must helpe one another.

Exiunt.

Enter Geraldine.

Ger. How cheerefully things looke in this place,
Tis alwayes Spring-time heere, such is the grace
And potencie of her who has the blisse,
To make it still *Elizium* where she is:
Nor doth the King of flames in's golden fires,
After a tempest answer mens desires,
When as he casts his comfortable beames,
ouer the flowrie fields and siluer streames,
As her illustrate Beautie strikes in me,
And wrappes my soule vp to felicitie.

Enter Gartred and Ioyce aloft.

Ioyce Doe you heare sir?

Gart. Why sister, what will you doe?

Ioyce By my mayden-head, an oath which I ne'r tooke in vaine, either goe downe and comfort him, or I'll call him vp,
and

Greenes Tu Quoque.

and disclose all: What, will you haue no mercie? but let a proper man, that might spend the spirit of his youth vpon your selfe, fall into a consumption, for shame sister.

Ger. Y^e are the strangest creature, what would you haue me doe?

Ioy. Marry, I would haue you goe to him, take him by the hand, and grype him, say y^e are welcome, I loue you with all my heart, you are the man must doe the feat, and take him about the necke, and kisse vpon the bargaine.

Ger. Fie how you talke, 'tis meere immodestie, The common'st strumpet would not doe so much.

Ioy. Mary the better, for such as are honest, Should still doe what the common strumpet will not: Speake, will you doe it?

Ger. Ile loose his company for euer first.

Ioy. Doe you heare sir? heere's a Gentlewoman would speake wth you.

Ger. Why sister, pray sister.

Ioy. One that loues you with all her heart, yet is a sham'd to confesse it.

Ger. Good sister hold your tongue, I will goe downe to him.

Ioy. Doe not feast with me, for by this hand I'll e'yt her get him vp, or goe downe my selfe, and reade the whole History of your loue to him.

Ger. If youle forbear to call, I will goe downe.

Ioy. Let me see your backe then, and heare you? doe not vse him scuriously you were best; vnset all your tyrannical looks, and bid him louingly welcome, or as I liue, I'll stretch out my voice againe; vds soot, I must take some paines I see, or wee shall neuer haue this geare cotton: but to say truth, the fault is in my melancholy Monsieur, for if hee had but halfe so much spirit, as he has flesh, hee might ha boarded her by this. But see, yonder she marches; now a passion of his side of halfe an houre long, his hatt is off already, as if he were begging one poore penny-worth of kindnesse.

Ester Ger.

Ger.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Ger. Shall I presume (faire Mistress) on your hand to lay my unworthy lip?

Joyce. Fie vpon him, I am asham'd to heare him, you shall haue a Country fellow at a Maie pole, go better to his worke: he had neede to be constant, for hee is able to spoile as many Maides as he shall fall in loue withall.

Gart. Sir, you professe loue vnto me, let me intreate you it may appeare but in some small request.

Ger. Let me know it (Lady) and I shall soone effect it.

Gart. But for this present to forbear this place,
Because my father is expected heere.

Ger. I am gone Lady.

Joyce. Doe you heare sir?

Ger. Did you call?

Joyce. Looke vp to the window.

Ger. What say you Gentlewoman?

Gart. Nay pray sir goe, it is my sister call's to hasten you.

Joyce. I call to speake with you, pray stay a little.

Ger. The Gentlewoman has something to say to me.

Gart. She has nothing, I doe coniure you, as you loue me,
stay not. *Exit Joyce.*

Ger. The power of Magicke can not fasten me, I am gone.

Gart. Good sir, looke backe no more, what voice ere call
you.

Imagine, going from me, you were comming,
And vse the same speede, as you loue my safety. *Exit Ger.*

Wilde witted sister, I haue preuented you,

I will not haue my loue yet open'd to him,

By how much longer 'tis ere it be knowne, *Enter Joyce.*

By so much dearer 'twill be when 'tis purchast:

But I must vse my strength to stop her iourney,

For she will after him: and see, she comes;

Nay sister, you are at furthest.

Joyce. Let me goe you were best, for if you wrastle with me
I shall throw you, passion, come backe, foole, louer, turne a-
gaine, and kisse your belly tull;

For

Greenes Tu Quoque.

For heere she is will stand you, doe your worst:
Will you let me goe?

Garr. Yes, if youle stay.

Joyce. If I stirre a foote, hang me, you shall come together
of your selues, and be naught, doe what you will, for if 'ere I
trouble my selfe againe, let me want help
In such a case when I need.

Garr. Nay but pre thee sister be not angry.

Joyce. I will be angry, vdsfoot, I cannot indure such foolerie,
I, two bashfull fooles that would couple together, and yet
ha not the faces.

Garr. Nay pre thee sweete sister.

Joyce. Come, come, let me goe, birds that want the vse of
reason and speech, can couple together in one day, and yet you
that haue both, cannot conclude in twenty.

Garr. Why what good would it doe you to tell him?

Joyce. Doe not talke to me, for I am deafe to any thing you
say, goe weepe and crie.

Garr. Nay but sister.

Exeunt ambo.

Enter Staines, and a Drawer with wine.

Sta. Drawer, bid them make haste at home,
Tell them they are coming from church.

Dra. I will sir.

Exit Drawer.

Sta. That I should liue to be a seruing-man, a fellow which
scalds his mouth with another mans porredg, brings vp meat
for other mens bellies, and carries away the bones for his own,
changes his cleane trencrer for a fowle one, and is glad of it,
and yet did I neuer liue so merry a life, when I was my masters
master, as now I doe, being man to my man, and I will stand
root for all my former speeches, a seruing-man liues a better
life then his Master, and thus I prooue it; the saying is, The
nearer the bone the sweeter the flesh: then must the seruing-
man needes eate the sweeter flesh, for hee alwayes picks the
bones. And againe the Prouerb sayes, The deeper the sweeter:
There has the seruing-man the vantage againe, for he drinks
still in the bottome of the pot, hee filles his belly, and neuer

Greenes Tu Quoque.

askes what's to pay? weares broad-cloth, and yet dares walke
Wauling-streete, without any feare of his Draper: and for his
colours, they are according to the season, in the Summer hee
is apparelled (for the most part) like the heauens, in blew, in
the winter, like the earth, in freeze.

Enter Bubble, fir Lionell, and Long-si-lad and Sprinkle.

But see, I am preuented in my Encomium,
I could haue maintain'd this theame these two houres.

Lyon. Well, God rest his soule, hee's gone, and we must all
follow him.

Bub. I, I, hee's gone fir *Lionell*, hee's gone.

Lyonell. Why tho he be gone, what then? 'tis not you that
can fetch him againe, with all your cunning, it must bee your
comfort, that he died well.

Bub. Truly and so it is, I would to God I had eene another
ynckle that would die no worse; surely I shall weepe againe,
if I should find my handkercher.

Long. How now! what are these onions?

Bub. I, I, fir *Lyonell*, they are my onions, I thought to haue
had them roasted this morning for my cold: *Gernase* you haue
not wept to day, pray take your onions Gentlemen, the re-
membrance of death is sharpe, therefore there is a banquet
with in to sweeten your conceits: I pray walke in Gentlemen,
walke you in, you know I must needes be melancholie, and
keepe my Chamber, *Gernase*, vs her them into the banquet.

Sir. I shall fir, please you fir *Lyonell*.

Gentlemen and Gernase goe out.

Lyonell Well Master *Bubble*, wee'le goe in and taste of your
bountie.

In the meane time, you must be of good cheere.

Bub. If grieffe take not away my stomacke,
I will haue good cheere I warrant you *Sprinkle*.

Sprin. Sir.

Bub. Had the women puddings to their dole?

Sprin. Yes fir.

Bub. And how did they take them?

Sprin.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sprin. Why with their hands, how should they take vñ?

Bub. O thou *Hercules* of ignorance! I mean, how were they satisfied?

Sprin. By my troth sir, but so so, and yet some of them had two.

Bub. O insatiable women! whom two puddings would not satisfie, but vanish *Sprinkle*; bidde your fellow *Gernase* come hither: *Exit Sprinkle.*

And off my mourning robes, griefe to the graue,

For I haue golde, and therefore will be braue:

In silkes I'll rattle it of euery colour,

And when I goe by water, scorne a Sculler,

In blacke carnation veluet I will cloake me, *Enter Staines.*

And when men bid God saue mee, Cry *Tu quoque*:

It is needefull a Gentleman should speake Latine sometimes, is it not *Gernase*?

Sta. O very gracefull sir, your most accomplish'd Gentlemen are knowne by it.

Bub. Why then will I make vse of that little I haue, Vpon times and occasions, heere *Gernase*, take this bag, And runne presently to the Mercers, buy me seuen ells of horse flesh colour'd taffata, nine yards of yellow sattin, and eight yards of orange tawney veluet; then runne to the Tailers, the Haberdashers, the Sempsters, the Cutlers, the Perfumers, and to all trades whatsoe'r that belong to the making vp of a Gentleman; and amongst the rest, let not the Barber bee forgotten: and looke that hee be an excellent fellow, and one that can snacke his fingers with dexteritie.

Sta. I shall fit you sir.

Bub. Doe so good *Gernase*, it is time my beard were corrected, for it is growne so sawsie, as it beginnes to play with my nose.

Staines. Your nose sir must indure it: for it is in part the fashion.

Bub. Is it in fashion? why then my nose shall indure it, let it tickle his worst.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. Why now y^e are ich right sir, if you will be a true Gal-
lant, you must beere things resolute, as this sir, if you be at an
Ordinary, and chance to loose your money at play, you must
not fret and fume, teare cardes, and sling away dice, as your
ignorant gamster, or country-Gentleman does, but you must
put on a calme temperate action, with a kind of carelesse smile,
in contempt of Fortune, as not being able with all her engins
to batter down one peece of your estate, that your means may
be thought inuincible, neuer tell your money, nor what you
haue wonne, nor what you haue lost: if a question be made:
your answer must be, what I haue lost, I haue lost, what I haue
wonne, I haue wonne, a close heart and free hand, makes a
man admired, a testerne or a shilling to a seruant that brings
you a glasse of beere, bindes his hands to his lippes, you shall
haue more seruice of him, then his Master, hee will be more
humble to you, then a Cheater before a Magistrate:

Bub. Gernase. giue mee thy hand, I thinke thou hast more
wit then I that am thy Master, and for this Speech onely, I doe
here create thee my steward: I do long me thirkes to be at an
Ordinary, to smile at Fortune, and to be bountifull: *Gernase* a-
bout your businesse good *Gernase*, whilest I goe and meditate
vpon a Gentleman-like behaiour, I haue an excellent gate
already *Gernase*, haue I not?

Sta. Hercules himselfe sir, had neuer a better gate.

Bub. But dispatch *Gernase*, the fattin and the veluet must be
thought vpon, and the *Tu quoque* must not bee forgotten: for
whensoeuer I giue Armes, that shall be my Motto. *Exit Bub.*

Sta. What a fortune had I throwne vpon me, when I pre-
ferred my selfe into this fellowes seruice! indeede I serue my
selfe, and not him, for this Golde heere is mine owne truely
purchased: he has credire, and shall runne ich bookes for't, I'll
carry things so cunningly, that he shall not be able to looke in-
to my actions, my mortgage I haue already got into my hand:
the rent hee shall enioy a while, till his riot constrain him to
sell it, which I will purchase with his owne money, I must
cheate a little, I haue beene cheated vpon, therefore I hope
the

Greenes Tu Quoque.

the world will a little the better excuse mee, what his vnckle
craftily got from me, I will knauishly recouer of him, to come
by it, I must vary shapes, and my first shift shall be in sattin:
Proteus propitious be to my disguise,
And I shall prosper in my enterpriſe. *Exit.*

Enter Spendall, Purſenet, and a boy with Rackets.

Spend. A Rubber firra.

Boy. You ſhall fir.

Spend. And bid thoſe two men you ſaid would ſpeak with
me, come in.

Boy. I will fir.

Exit Boy.

Spend. Did I not play this Set well?

Enter Blancke and another.

Purſ. Excellent well by *Phaeton*, by *Erebus*, it went as if it
had cut the Line.

Bla. God bleſſe you fir.

Spend. Maſter *Blancke*! welcome.

Bla. Here's the Gentlemans man fir has brought the mony.

Ser. Wilt pleaſe you tell fir?

Spend. Haue you the Bond ready maſter *Blancke*?

Bla. Yes fir.

Spend. Tis well, *Purſenet*, help to tell ——— 10. 11. 12.
What time haue you giuen?

Bla. The thirteenth of the next Month.

Spend. Tis well, here's light golde.

Ser. T'will be the leſſe troubleſome to carry.

Spend. You ſay well fir, how much haſt thou tolde?

Purſ. In golde and ſiluer here is twenty pounds.

Bla. Tis right M. *Spendall*, I'll warrant you.

Spend. I'll take your warrant fir, and tell no further, come
let me ſee the Condition of this Obligation.

Purſ. A man may winne from him that cares not for't,
This royall *Ceſar* doth regard no Caſh,
Has throwne away as much in *Dukes* and *Drakes*,
As would haue bought ſome 50000 Capons.

Spend. Tis very well; ſo, ſend me your penne.

Purſ.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Purs. This is the Captaine of braue Citizens,
The *Agamemnon* of all merry Greekes,
A *Stukely* or a *Sherley* for his spirit,
Bounty and Royalty to men at armes.

Bla. You giue this as your deed.

Spend. Mary do I fir.

Bla. Pleaseth this Gentleman to be a witnesse.

Spend. Yes Mary shall he, *Pursenet*, your hand.

Purs. My hand is at thy seruice, Noble *Brutus*.

Spend. There's for your kindnesse master *Blanke*.

Bla. I thanke you fir.

Spend. For your paines.

Ser. I'll take my leaue of you.

Spend. What, must you be gone too, maister *Blanche*?

Bla. Yes indeede fir, I must to the Exchange.

Spend. Farewell to both, *Pursenet*,

Take that twenty pounds, and giue it mistris *Sweetman*;

Bid her pay her Landlord and Apothecarie,

And let her Butcher and her Baker stay,

They're honest men, and I'll take order with them.

Purs. The Butcher and the Baker then shall stay.

Spend. They must till I am somewhat stronger purst.

Purs. If this be all, I haue my errand perfect. *Exit Purs.*

Spend. Heere sirra, heere's for balls, there's for your selfe.

Boy I thanke your worship.

Spend. Commend me to your mistris. *Exit Spend.*

Boy I will fir; in good faith 'tis the liberall'st Gentleman
that comes into our Courr, why he cares no more for a shilling
then I doe for a box o'th care, God bleffe him. *Exit.*

Enter Staines Gallant, Long-field and a Seruant.

Sta. Sirra, what a clocke i'ts?

Ser. Past tenne fir.

Sta. Heere will nor be a Gallant scene this houre.

Ser. Within this quarter fir, and lesse, they meeete heere as
soone as at any Ordinary i'th towne.

Staines

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. Haft any Tobacco?

Ser. Yes fir.

Sta. Fill.

Long. Why thou report'st miracles, things not to be beleued: I protest to thee, had'st thou not vnrip't thy selfe to me, I should neuer haue knowne thee.

Sta. I tell you true fir, I was so farre gone, that desperation knocked at mine elbow, and whispered newes to mee out of Barbarie.

Lon. Well, I'm glad so good an occasion staid thee at home, And mai'st thou prosper in thy proiect, and goe on, With best success of thy inuention.

Sta. False dice say Amen, for that's my induction; I do meane to cheat to day without respect of persons: When sawest thou *Will Rafe*?

Long. This morning at his Chamber, hee'le be heere.

Sta. Why then doe thou giue him my name and character, for my aime is wholly at my worshipfull Master.

Lon. Nay thou shalt take another into him, one that laughs out his life in this Ordinary, thanks any man that winnes his money; all the while his money is loosing, he swears by the croffe of this siluer, and when it is gone, hee changeth it to the hilts of his sword.

Enter Scatter-good and Nimie-hammer.

Sta. Hee'le be an excellent coach-horse for my captaine.

Scat. Saue you Gallants, saue you.

Lon. How think ye now? haue I not caru'd him out to you?

Sta. Th'ast lighted me into his heart, I see him throughly.

Scat. *Nimie-hammer.*

Nim. Sir.

Scat. Take my cloake and rapier also: I thinke it be early Gentlemen, what time doe you take it to be?

Sta. Inclining to eleuen fir.

Scat. Inclining! a good word; I would it were inclining to twelue, for by my stomacke it should be high Noone: but what shall we doe Gallants? shall we to cardes, till our Company come?

Long. Please you fir.

E

Scat.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Scat. *Harry.* fetch fir Cardes, me thinkes 'tis an vnseemely fight to see Gentlemen stand idle, please you to impart your smooke.

Long. Very willingly sir.

Scat. In good faith a pipe of excellent vapour.

Long. The best the house yeeldes.

Scat. Had you it in the house? I had thought it had beene your owne: 'tis not so good now as I tooke it to be: Come Gentlemen, what's your game?

Sta. Why Gleeke, that's your onely game.

Scat. Gleeke let it be, for I am perswaded I shall gleeke some of you; cut sir.

Long. What play we, twelue pence gleeke.

Scat. Twelue pence, a crowne; vds foote I will not spoile my memory for twelue pence.

Long. With all my heart.

Sta. Honnor.

Scat. What ist, Harts?

Sta. The King, what say you?

Long. You must speake sir.

Scat. Why I bid thirteene.

Sta. Foureteene.

Scat. Fificene.

Sta. Sixteene.

Long. Sixteene, seuentee.

Sta. You shal ha't for me.

Scat. Eightee.

Long. Take it to you sir.

Scat. V'st I'll not be out-brau'd.

Sta. I vicir.

Long. I'll none of it.

Scat. Nor I.

Sta. Giue me a mournaull of faces, and a gleeke of queens.

Long. And me a gleeke of knaues.

Scat. V'st I, I am gleeke't this time.

Enter Will Rafe.

Sta. Play.

Raf. Equall fortunes befall you Gallants.

Scat. *Will Rafe,* well, I prau see what a vile game I haue

Raf. What's your game, Gleeke?

Scat. Ye faith, Gleeke, and I haue not one Court carde, but the knaue of Clubbes.

Raf.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Rasb. Thou hast a wilde hand indeed : thy small cardes shew like a troupe of rebelles, and the knaue of Clubbes their chiefe Leader.

Scat. And so they doe as God saue me, by the crosse of this silver he sayes true.

Enter Spendall.

Sra. Pray, play first

Long. Honnor.

Rasb. How goe the stockes Gentlemen, what's won or lost?

Sra. This is the first game.

Scat. Yes this is the first game, but by the crosse of this silver heere's all of five pounds.

Spend. Good day to you Gentlemen.

Rasb. *Frankie*, welcome by this hand, how dost lad?

Spend. And how does thy wench ysaith.

Rasb. Why fat and plump

Like thy geldings : thou giu'st them both good prouender
It seemes, go to, thou art one of the madu'st waggas,
Of a Citizen'ish towne, the whole company talkes of thee already.

Spend. Talke, why let v'm talke, vdsfoot I pay scot and lor,
and all manner of duties else, as well as the best of v'm : it may be they vnderstand I keepe a whoore, a horse, and a kennell of hownds, what's that to them ? no mans purse opens for't but mine owne ; and so long, my hownds shall eat flesh, my horse bread, and my whoore weare velvet.

Rasb. Why there spoke a courageous Boy.

Spend. Vd-foote, shall I be confin'd all the dayes of my life to walke vnder a pent-house ? no, I'll take my pleasure whiles my youth affoord's it.

Scat. By the crosse of these hilts, I'll neuer play at Gleeke againe, whilst I haue a nose on my face,
I'll sell the knauery of the game.

Spend. Why what's the matter ? who has lost?

Scat. Mary that haue I, by the hiltres of my sword, I haue lost forty crowns, in as small time almost, as while a man might tell it.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Spend. Change your Game for dice,
We are a full number for *Nonum.*

Scat. With all my heart, where's M. *Ambush* the Broaker
Ninni-hammer?

Nin. Sir.

Scat. Go to M. *Ambush*, and bid him send me twenty marks
vpon this Diamond. *Enter Bubble.*

Nin. I will sir.

Long. Looke you (to make vs the merrier) who comes here.

Rasb. A fresh Gamster, M. *Bubble*, God saue you.

Bub. *Tu quoque* sir.

Spend. God saue you Maister *Bubble*.

Bub. *Tu quoque.*

Sta. Saue you sir.

Bub. *Et tu quoque.*

Long. Good maister *Bubble*

Bub. *Et tu quoque.*

Scat. Is your name Maister *Bubble*?

Bub. Maister *Bubble* is my name, sir.

Scat. God saue you sir.

Bub. *Et tu quoque.*

Scat. I would be better acquainted with you.

Bub. And I with you.

Scat. Pray let vs salute againe.

Bub. With all my heart sir.

Lon. Behold yonder the oke and the Iuy how they imbrace.

Rasb. Excellent acquaintance, they shall be the *Gemini*.

Bub. Shall I desire your name sir?

Scat. Maister *Scattergood*.

Bub. Of the *Scattergoods* of London?

Scat. No indeed sir, of the *Scattergoods* of Hampshire.

Bub. Good Maister *Scattergood*.

Sta. Come Gentlemen, heere's dice.

Scat. Please you aduance to the Table?

Bub. No indeede sir.

Scat. Pray will you goe?

Bub.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Bub. I will goe fir ouer the whole world for your sake,
But in currecie I will not budge a foote. *Enter Nimshammer.*

Nim. Heere is the Cash you sent me for, and master *Rash*,
Heere is a Letter from one of your sisters,

Spend. I haue the dice, set Gentlemen.

Long. From which sister?

Rash. From the mad-cap, I know by the hand.

Spend. For me, six.

Omnes. And six that.

Sta. Nine; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 : eightene shillings.

Spend. What's yours sir?

Seat. Mine's a Bakers dozen : master *Bubble* tel your mony.

Bub. In good faith I am but a simple Gamster, and doe not
know whar to doe.

Seat. Why you must tell your money, and hee'll pay you.

Bub. My mony! I do know how much my mony is, but he
shall not pay me; I haue a better conscience then so : whar for
throwing the dice twice, yfaith he should haue but a hard bar-
gaine of it.

Rash. Witty rascal, I must needes away.

Long. Why what's the matter?

Rash. Why the louers can not agree, thou shalt along with
me, and know all.

Long. But first let mee instruct thee in the condition of this
Gentleman, whom dost thou take him to be?

Rash. Nay, hee's a stranger, I know him not.

Long. By this light but you doe, if his beard were off, 'tis
Strind.

Rash. The diuell it is as soone : and what's his purpose in
this disguise?

Long. Why cheating, doe you not see how he playes vpon
his worshipfull Maister, and the rest.

Rash. By my faith he drawes apace.

Spend. A pox vpon these dice, giue's a fresh bale.

Bubb. Ha ha, the dice are not to be blamed, a man may per-

Greenes Tu Quoque.

eeiue this is no Gentlemanly gamster, by his chafing: do you heare, my friend, fill me a glasse of beere, and ther's a shilling for your paines.

Dra. Your worship shall sir.

Rash. Why how now *Frank*, what hast lost?

Spend. Fifteene pounds and vpwards: is there neuer an honest fellow.

Amb. What, doe you lacke money sir?

Spend. Yes, canst furnish me?

Amb. Vpon a sufficient pawne sir.

Spend. You know my shop, bid my man deliuer you a piece of three pile veluet, and let me haue as much money as you dare aduenture vpon't.

Amb. You shall sir.

Spend. A pox of this lucke, it will not last euer:

Play sir, I'le ser you.

Rash. *Frank*, better fortune befall thee: and Gentleman, I must take my leaue, for I must leaue you.

Scar. Must you needes be gone?

Rash. Indeede I must.

Bub. *Et tu quoque?* *Long.* Yes truly.

Scar. At your discretions Gentlemen.

Rash. Farewell. *Exeunt Rash & Long.*

Sta. Cry you mercy sir, I am chanc'd with you all Gentlemen: heere I haue 7, heere 7, and heere 10.

Spend. T'is right sir, and ten that.

Bub. And nine that.

Sta. Two fives at ill.

Drawes all.

Bub. One and fise that.

Spend. Vmh, and can a suite of Sarrin cheate so grossely? By this light there's nought on one die but fives and sixes, I must not be thus gull'd.

Bub. Come Maister *Spend* ill, set.

Spend. No sir, I haue done.

Scar. Why then let vs all leaue, for I thinke dinner's neere ready,

Scar.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Dr. Your meat's vpon the Table.

Scat. O the Table! come Gentlemen, we do our stomackes wrong: *M. Bubble*, what haue you lost?

Bub. That's no matter, what I haue lost, I haue lost; nor can I chuse but smile at the foolishnes of the dice.

Sta. I am but your steward Gentlemen, for after dinner I may restore it againe.

Bub. *M. Scatter-good*, will you walke in?

Scat. Ile wait vpon you sir, come Gentlemen, will you follow? *Exit: manent Spendall & Staines.*

Sta. Yes sir, Ile follow you. *Spen.* Heare you sir, a word.

Sta. Ten if you please.

Spend. I haue lost fifteene pounds.

Sta. And I haue found it

Spend. You say right, found it you haue indeed;
But neuer wonne it: doe you know this die?

Sta. Not I sir.

Spend. You seeme a Gentleman; and you may perceiue
I haue some respect vnto your credite,
To take you thus aside, will you restore
What you ha drawne from me vnlawfully?

Sta. Sirra, by your out-side you seeme a cittizen,
Whose Cockes-comb, I were apt enough to breake,
But for the Lawe; goe y^e are a prating Iacke,
Nor 'ist your hopes, of crying out for clubbes,
Can saue you from my chastisement, if once
You shall but dare to vtter this againe.

Spend. You lie, you dare not.

Sta. Lie! nay villaine, now thou temptst me to thy death.

Spend. Soft, you must buy it dearer,
The dust bloud flowes within you is the price.

Sta. Darest thou resist, thou art no Cittizen.

Spend. I am a Cittizen.

Sta. Say thou arte a Gentleman, and I am satisfied,
For then I know thou'lt answer me in field.

Spend. Ile say directly what I am, a Citizen,

And

Greenes Tu. Quoque.

And I will meete thee in the field as fairely
As the best Gentleman that weares a sword.

Sra. I accept it, the meeting place.

Spend. Beyond the Maze in Tuttle.

Sra. What weapon?

Spend. Single rapier.

Sra. The time.

Spend. To morrow.

Sra. The houre.

Spend. Twixt nine and ten.

Sra. Tis good, I shall expect you, farewell, *Ex. omnes.*

Spend. Farewell fir.

Enter Will Rash, Long-field, and Ioyce.

Rash. Why I commend thee Gerle, thou speak'st as thou thinkst, thy tongue and thy heart are Relatiues, and thou wert not my sister, I should at this time fall in loue with thee.

Ioyce. You should not need, for and you were not my brother, I should fall in loue with you, for I loue a proper man with my heart, and so does all the Sex of vs, let my sister dissemble neuer so much, I am out of charity with these nice and squeemish tricks, we were borne for men, and men for vs, and wee must together.

Rash. This same plaine dealing is a Jewell in thee.

Ioyce. And let mee enioy that Jewell, for I loue plaine dealing with my heart.

Rash. Tha'rt a good wenchyfaith, I should neuer be ashamed to call thee sister, though thou shouldst marry a Broome-man: but your louer me thinkes is ouer tedious.

Enter Geraldine.

Ioyce. No, looke ye fir, could you wish a man to come better vpon his q, let vs withdraw.

Rash. Close, close, for the prosecution of the plot, wench, See he prepares.

Ioyce. Silence.

Gerald. The Sunne is yet wrapt in Amoraes armes,
And lull'd with her delight, forgets his creatures:

Awake

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Awake thou god of heate,
I call thee vp, and taske thee for thy slownesse;
Poynt all thy beames through yonder flaring glasse,
And raise a beauty brighter then thy selfe; *Musicke.*
Müstitutions, giue to each Instrument a tongue,
To breathe sweete musicke in the eares of her
To whom I send it as a messenger. *Enter Garret aloft.*

Gart. Sir, your musicke is so good, that I must say I like it;
but the Bringer so ill welcome, that I could be content to loose
it: if you paid for many, there 'tis; if for loue, heere's none;
if for goodwill, I thanke you, and when you will you may be
gone,

Ger. Leaueme not intransc'd: sing not my death,
Thy voyce is able to make Satires tame,
And callrough windes to her obedience.

Gart. Sir, sir, our cares itch not for flattery, heere you be-
siege my window, that I dare not put forth my selfe to take the
gentle Ayre, but you are in the fieldes, and volley out your
woes, your plaints, your loues, your iniuries.

Ger. Since you haue heard, and know them, giue redresse,
True beauty neuer yet was mercilesse.

Gart. Sir, rest thus satisfied, my minde was neuer woman,
neuer alter'd, nor shall it now beginne:
So fare you well. *Exit Gart.*

Rash. Sfoot, she playes the terrible tyrannizing *Tamberlaine*
ouer him, this it is to turne Turke, from a most absolute com-
plete Gentleman, to a most absurd ridiculous and fond lo-
uer.

Long. Oh, when a woman knowes the power and authori-
tie of her eie.

Ioyce. Fic vpon her, shee's good for nothing then, no more
then a iade that knowes his owne strength: The windowe is
clasped, now brother, pursue your proiect, and deliuer your
friend from the tyranny of my domineering sister.

Rash. Doe you heare, you drunkard in loue, come in to

Greenes Tu Quoque.

vs and beruled, you would little thinke, that the wench that talked so scurrily out of the window there, is more inamorred on thee then thou on her: nay, looke you now, see if hee turne not away slighting our good counsell: I am no Christian if shee doe not sigh, whine, and grow sicke for thee: Looke you sir, I will bring you in good witnesse against her.

Ioyce. Sir, y^e are my brothers friend, and I'll be plaine with you, you doe not take the course to winne my sister, but indirectly goe about the bush: you come and fiddle heere, and keepe a coile in verse: holde off your hatte, and beg to kisse her hand, which makes her proud. But to bee short, in two lines thus it is:

Who most doth loue, must seeme most to neglect it,
For those that shew most loue, are least respected.

Long. A good obseruation by my faith.

Rash. Well this instruction comes too late now,
Stand you close, and let me prosecute my inuention,
Sister, O sister, wake, arise sister.

Enter Garret above.

Gart. How now brother, why call you with such terrour?

Rash. How can you sleepe so sound, and heare such groanes,
So horride and so tedious to the eare,
That I was frighted hither by the sound?
O sister, heere lies a Gentleman that lou'd you too decreely,
And himselfe too ill, as by his death appeares,
I can report no further without teares;
Assist me now.

Long. When he came first, death startled in his eyes,
His hand had not forsooke the dagger hilt,
But still he gaue it strength, as if he feard
He had not sent it home vnto his heart.

Gart. Enough, enough,
If you will haue me liue, giue him no name,
Suspicion tells me 'tis my *Geraldine*:
But be it whom it will, I'll come to him,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

To suffer death as resolute as he.

Exit Gart.

Rasb. Did not I tell you 'twould take, downe sit downe.

Ger. I ghesse what y'ould haue me doe.

Long. O for a little blood to besprinkle him.

Rasb. No matter for blood, I'll not suffer her to come neare him, till the plot haue tane his full height.

Ger. A scarffe ore my face, lest I betray my selfe.

Enter Gartred belowe.

Rasb. Heere, heere, lie still, she comes,
Now *Mercurie*, be propitious.

Gart. Where lies this spectacle of blood?
This tragicke Sceane.

Rasb. Yonder lies *Geraldine*.

Gart. O let me see him with his face of death!
Why doe you stay me from my *Geraldine*?

Rasb. Because, vnworthy as thou art, thou shalt not see
The man now dead, whom liuing thou didst scorne,
The worst part that he had, deseru'd thy best,
But yet contemn'd, deluded, mock'd, despisde by you,
Vnfit for aught but for the generall marke
Which you were made for, mans creation.

Gart. Burst not my heart before I see my Loue,
Brother, vpon my knees I begge your leaue,
That I may see the wound of *Geraldine*,
I will embalme his body with my teares,
And carry him vnto liis sepulcher,
From whence I'll neuer rise, but be interr'd
In the same dust he shall be buried in.

Long. I doe protest shee drawes sad teares from me,
I pre thee let her see her *Geraldine*.

Gart. Brother, if e're you lou'd me as a sister,
Deprive me not the sight of *Geraldine*.

Rasb. Well, I am contented you shall touch his lippes,
But neither see his face nor yet his wound,

Gart. Not see his face?

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Rasb. Nay, I haue sworne it to the contrary:
Nay, harke you further yet.

Gart. What now?

Rasb. But ore kisse, no more.

Gart. Why then no more.

Rasb. Marry this liberty I'll giue you,
If you intend to make any speech of repentance
Ouer him, I am content, so is he short.

Gart. What you command is Law, and I obey.

Joyce. Peace, giue care to the passion.

Gart. Before I touch thy body, I implore
Thy discontented ghost to be appeasde:
Send not vnto me till I come my selfe:
Then shalt thou know how much I honor'd thee,
O see the colour of his corall lippe!
Which in despight of death liues full and fresh,
As when he was the beauty of his Sex:
T'were sinne worthy the worst of plagues to leaue thee:
Not all the strength and pollicie of man
Shall snatch me from thy bosome.

Long. Looke, looke, I thinke shee'l rauish him.

Rasb. Why how now sister?

Gart. Shall we haue both one graue? here I am chain'd,
Thunder nor Earthquakes shall shake me off.

Rasb. No? I'll try that, come dead man, awake, vp with your
bag and baggage, and let's haue no more fooling.

Garr. And liue's my *Geraldine*?

Rasb. Liue? faith I,

Why should he not? he was neuer dead;
That I know on.

Ger. It is no wonder *Geraldine* should liue,
Tho he had emptied all his vitall spirites,
The Lute of *Orpheus* spake not halfe so sweete,
When he descended to th'infernall vaults,
To fetch againe his faire *Euroidice*,
As did thy sweete voyce to *Geraldine*.

Gart.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Gart. I'll exercise that voyce, since it doth please.
My better selfe, my constant *Geraldine*.

Ioyce. Why so I, heere's an end of an old Song,
Why could not this haue beene done before
I pray?

Gart. O y^e are a goodly sister, this is your plot:
Well, I shall liue one day to requite you.

Ioyce. Spare me not, for wheresoeuer I set my affection, although it be vpon a Colliar, if I fall backe, vnlesse it bee in the right kinde, binde mee to a stake, and let mee be burned to death with char-coale.

Rash. Well, thou art a mad wench, and there's no more to be done at this time, but as wee brought you together, so to part you, you must nor lie at racke and manger: there be those within, that will forbid the banes, Time must shake good Fortune by the hand, before you two must be great, specially you sister; come leaue swearing.

Gart. Must we then part?

Rash. Must you part? why how thinke you? vdsfoote, I do thinke we shall haue as much to do to get her from him, as we had to bring her to him: this loue of women is of a strange qualitie, and has more trickes then a juggler.

Gart. But this, and then farewell.

Ger. Thy company is heauen, thy absence hell.

Rash. Lord who'd thinke it?

Ioyce. Come wench.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Spendall, and Staines.

Spend. This ground is firme and euen, I'll goe no further.

Sta. This be the place then, and prepare you sir,
You shall haue faire play for your life of me,
For looke sir, I'll be open breasted to you.

Spend. Shame light on him that thinke his safety lieth in a French doublet.

Nay I would strippe my selfe, would comelineffe

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Giue sufferance to the deed, and fight with thee,
As naked as a Mauritanian Moore.

Sta. Giue me thy hand, by my bearr I loue thee,
Thou art the highest spirited Cittizen,
That euer Guild-hall tooke notice of:

Spend. Talke not what I am, vntill you haue tried me.

Sta. Come on sir. *They fight.*

Spend. Now sir, your life is mine.

Sta. Why then take it, for I'le not begge it of thee.

Spend. Nobly resolu'd, I loue thee for those words,
Heere take thy armes againe, and if thy malice
Haue spent it selfe like mine, then let vs part
More friendly then we met at first incounter.

Sta. Sir, I accept this gift of you, but not your friendship,
Vntill I shall recouer't with my honour.

Spend. Will you fight againe then?

Sta. Yes.

Spend. Faith thou dost well then, iustly to whip my folly.
But come sir.

Sta. Hold, y'are hurt I take it.

Spend. Hurt! where? zownds I feele it not.

Sta. You bleed I am sure.

Spend. Sblood, I thinke you weare a cattles claw vpon your
Rapiers point,
I am scratcht indeed, but small as 'tis,
I must haue blood for blood.

Sta. Y'are bent to kill I see.

Spend. No by my hopes, if I can scape that sinne,
And keepe my good name, I'le neuer offer't.

Sta. Well sir, your worst.

Spend. We both bleed now I take it,
And if the motion may be equall thought,
To part with clasp'd hands: I shall first subscribe.

Sta. It were vnnanlinesse in me to refuse
The safety of vs both, my hand shall neuer fall
From such a charitable motion.

Spend.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Spind. Then toyn we both, and heere our malice ends,
Tho foes we came to 'th field, wee'l depart friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter sir Lyonell and a Seruant.

Lyon. Come, come, follow me knaue, follow me, I haue the
best nose 'ith house, I thinke, either wee shall haue rainie wea-
ther, or the vaults vnstop'd : sirra, goe see, I would not haue
my guesse smell out any such inconuenience : Doe you heare
sirra, *Symon?*

Ser. Sir.

Lyon. Bid the Kitchin-maide skowre the sincke, and make
cleane her backe-side, for the wind lies iust vpon't.

Ser. I will sir.

Lyon. And bid *Anthonye* put on his white sustian doubler,
for hee must wait to day : It doth mee so much good to stirre
and talke, to place this, and displace that, that I shall neede no
Apothecaries prescriptions, I haue sent my daughter this mor-
ning as farre as Pimliko to fetch a draught of Darby ale, that it
may fetch a colour in her cheekes, the puling harlotrie looks
so pale, and it is all for want of a man, for so their mother
would say, God rest her soule, before she died. *Exit Seruant.*

Enter Bubble, Scattergood, and Straines.

Ser. Sir, the Gentlemen are come already.

Lyon. How knaue, the Gentlemen !

Ser. Yes sir, yonder they are.

Lyonell. Gods pretious, we are too tardie, let one be sent
presently to meete the gerles, and hasten their comming home
quickely : how dost thou stand dreaming ? Gentlemen, I see
you loue me, you are carefull of your houre ; you may be de-
ceiued in your cheare, but not in your welcome.

Bub. Thankes, and *Tu quoque* is a word for all.

Scatterg. A pretty concise roome : sir *Lyonell* ; where are
your daughters ?

Lyon. They are at your seruice sir, and forth comming.

Bub. Gods will *Gernase!* how shall I behaue my selfe to
the Gentlewomen ?

Str.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. Why aduance your selfe toward them, with a comely steppe, and in your salute, be carefull you strike not too high, nor too lowe, and after ward for your discourse, your *Tu quoque* will beare you out.

Bub. Nay, and that be all, I care not, for I'll set a good face on't, that's flat : and for my weather parts, let them speake for themselues : here's a legge, and euer a Baker in England shew me a better, I'll giue him mine for nothing.

Sta. O that's a speciall thing that I must caution you of.

Bub. What sweete *Gernase*?

Sta. Why for commending your selfe; neuer whilest you liue commend your selfe : and then you shall haue the Ladies themselues commend you.

Bub. I would they would else.

Sta. Why they will I'll assure you sir, and the more vilely you speake of your selfe, the more will they striue to collaud you.

Enter Gartred and Ioyce.

Bub. Let me alone to dispraise my selfe,
I'll make my selfe the arrantest Cockes-combe within a whole Countrey.

Lyonell. Heere come the Gipsies, the Sunne-burn'd gerles,
Whose beauties will not vtter them alone,
They must haue bagges although my credite cracke for't.

Bub. Is this the eldest sir?

Lyonell. Yes marry is she sir.

Bub. I'll kisse the yongest first, because she likes me best.

Scat. Marry sir, and whilest you are there, I'll be heere:
O delicious touch! I thinke in conscience
Her lippes are lined quite through with Orenge Tawny velvet.

Bub. They kisse exceeding well, I doe not thinke but they haue beene brought vp too't, I will beginne to her like a Gentleman in a set speech: Faire Ladie, shall I speake a word with you?

Ioyce. With me sir?

Bub.

Greenes Tu quoque.

Bub. With you Lady,—this way,—a litle more,—
So now tis well, vnh—

Euen as a Drummer,— or a Pewterer.

Ioy. Which of the two no matter,
For one beates on a Drumme, tother a Platter.

Bub. In good fayth sweet Lady you say true:
But pray marke me further, I will begin againe.

Ioy. I pray Sir doc.

Bub. Euen as a Drummer, as I sayd before,—
Or as a Pewterer.

Ioy. Very good Sir.

Bub. Doo—doo—doo.

Ioy. What doe they doo?

Bub. By my troth Lady, I doe not know: for to say truth,
I am a kind of an Assc.

Ioy. How Sir, an Assc?

Bub. Yes indeed Lady.

Ioy. Nay that you are not.

Bub. So God ha mee, I am Lady: you neuer saw
an arranter Assc in your life.

Ioy. Why heer's a Gentleman your friend, will not say so.

Bub. Yfayth but he shall: How say you sir,
Am not I an Assc?

Scatt. Yes by my troth Lady is he: Why Ile say any thing
my brother *Bubble* sayes.

Gart. Is this the man my Father choose for mee,
to make a Husband of? O God, how blind
are parents in our loues: so they haue weath,
they care not to what thinges they marry vs.

Bub. Pray looke vpon mee Lady.

Ioy. So I doe sir.

Bub. I but looke vpon mee well, and tell mee if you euer
saw any man looke so scuruiely, as I doe?

Ioy. The fellow sure is frantique.

Bub. You doe not marke mee?

Ioy. Yes indeed sir.

G.

Bub.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Bub. I, but looke vpon mee well:

Did you euer see a worse timberd Legge?

Ioy. By my fayth tis a pretty foure square Legge:

Bub. I but your foure square Legges are none of the best.

Oh! *Iarnis, Iarnis.*

Sta. Excellent well sir.

Bub. What say you now to mee Lady, can you find ere a good inch about mee?

Ioy. Yes that I can sir.

Bub. Find it, and take it sweete Lady:

There I thinke I bobd her, *Iarnis?*

Ioy. Well sir, disparadge not your selfe so: for if you were The man you'd make your selfe; yet out of your Behaviour and discourse, I could find cause enough To loue you.

Bub. Augh! now shee comes to mee: My behaviour? alas, alas, tis clownically, and my discourse is very bald, bald: You shall not heare mee breake a good leaft in a twelue month.

Ioy. No sir? why now you breake a good leaft.

Bub. No, I want the *Boone Ioure*, and the *Tu quaque*, Which yonder Gentleman has: Ther's a bob for him too: There's a Gentleman, and you talke of a Gentleman?

Ioy. Who hee? hee's a Coxcombe indeed.

Bub. We are sworne Brothers in good fayth Lady.

Enter Seruant.

Scatt. Yes in truth wee are sworne Brothers, and do meane to goe both alike, and to haue Horses alike.

Ioy. And they shall be sworne Brothers too?

Scatt. If it please them, Lady.

Ser. M. *Ballance*, the Goldsmith desires to speake with you.

Lyo. Bid him come, knaue.

Scatt. I woonder (Sir *Lyonell*) your sonne *Will Rast* is not heere?

Lyo. Is hee of your acquaintance, sir?

Scatt. O very familiar; hee strooke mee a boxe on the eare once,

Greenes Tu quoque.

once, and from thence grew my loue to him,

Enter Ballance.

Lyo. It was a signe of vertue in you sir, but heele be heere at dinner. Maister *Ballance*, what makes you so strange? Come, you're welcome: what's the Newes?

Ball. Why sir, the old Newes: your man *Francis* royots still; And little hope of thrift there is in him; Therefore I come to aduise your Worship, To take some order whilst there's something left, The better part of his best Ware's consumed.

Lyo. Speake softly Maister *Ballance*. But is there no hope of his recouerie?

Ball. None at all sir; for hees already layd to be arrested by some that I know.

Lyo. Well, I doe suffer for him, and am loath. Indeed to doe, what I am constrained to doe: Well sir, I meane to ceaze on what is left. And harken you one word more.

Loy. What haynous sinne has yonder man committed, To haue so great a punishment, as waite vpon the humors of an idle Foole: A very proper Fellow, good Legge, good Face, A Body well proportiond: but his minde Bewrayes he neuer came of Generous kinde.

Enter Will Rash and Geraldine.

Lyo. Goe to, no more of this at this time. What sir, are you come?

Rash. Yes sir, and haue made bold to bring a Guist along.

Lyo. Maister *Geraldines* sonne of *Essex*?

Ger. The same sir.

Lyo. Ye're welcom sir, when wil your Father be in towne?

Ger. T'will not be long, sir.

Lyo. I shall be glad to see him when he comes.

Ger. I thanke you sir.

Greenes *Tu Quoque.*

Lyo. In the meane time you're welcome; pray benot strange,
Ile leaue my Sonne amongst you Gentlemen,
I haue some busines: harke you *M. Ballance*,
Dinner will soone be readie; one word more. *Exit Lyo. & Bal.*

Rash. And how does my little *Asinus* and his *Tu quoque* here?
Oh you pretty sweet-fac'd rogues, that for your countenances
might be *Alexander* and *Lodwicke*: What sayes the old man to
you? wil't be a match? shall wee ca'l Brothers?

Scatt. Ifayth with all my heart; if *Mistis Gattred* will,
wee will be married to morrow.

Bub. S tott, if *Mistis Joyce* will, wee'le be married to night.

Rash. Why you couragious Boyes, and worthy Wenches,
made out of Waxe. But what shall's doe when wee haue
dinde, shall's goe see a Play?

Scatt. Yes sayth Brother: if it please you, let's goe see
a Play at the Gloabe.

Bub. I care not; any whither, so the Clowne haue a part:
For Ifayth I am no body without a Foole.

Ger. Why then wee'le goe to the Red Bull; they say *Greene's*
a good Clowne.

Bub. *Greene*? *Greene's* an Ass.

Scatt. Wherefore doe you say so?

Bub. Indeed I ha no reason: for they say, hee is as like mee
as euer hee can looke.

Scatt. Well then, to the Bull.

Rash. A good resolution, continue it: nay on?

Bub. Not before the Gentlewomen; not I neuer.

Rash. O while you liue, men before women:

Custom hath plac'd it so.

Bub. Why then Custom is not so mannerly, as I would be.

Rash. Farewell *M. Scatter-good*: Come Louer, you're too
busie heere, I must tutor yee: Cast not your eye at the table on
each other, my Father will spie you without Spectacles,
Hee is a shrewd obseruer: doe you heare mee?

Ger. Very well sir.

Rash. Come then go wee together, let the Wenches alone.
Doc

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Doe you see yonder fellow?

Ger. Yes: prethee what is hee?

Rash. He giue you him within, he must not now be thought on: but you shall know him. *Exit Rash. & Gerald.*

Gart. I haue obseru'd my sister, and her eye:
Is much inquisitiue after yond fellow;
Shee has examin'd him from head to foot:
He stay and see the issue.

Ioy. To wrastle gainst the streame of our Affection,
Is to strike Ayre, or buffet with the Winde,
That playes vpon vs: I haue strid to cast
This fellow from my thoughts, but still he growes
More comely in my sight; yet a slaue
Vnto one worse condition'd then a Slaue:
They are all gone, heere's none but hee, and I,
Now I will speake to him: and yet I will not.
Oh! I wrong my selfe, I will suppress
That insurrection *Loue* hath traide in mee,
And leaue him as he is: once my bold spirits
Had vowed to vtter all my thoughts to him
On whom I sceld my affection:
And why retyres it now?

Sta. Fight *Loue* on both sides; for on mee thou strik'st
Strokes that hath beat my heart into a flame:
She hath sent amorous glaunces from her eye:
Which I haue backe returnd as faythfully.
I would make to her, but these seruile Roabes,
Curbes that suggestion, till some fitter tyme
Shall bring mee more perswadingly vnto her.

Ioy. I wonder why he stayes; I feare hee notes mee,
For I haue publicly betrayde my selfe,
By too much gazing on him: I will leaue him.

Gart. But you shall not; he make you speake to him
Before you goe. Doe you heare sir?

Ioy. What meane you sister?

Gart. To sit you in your kind, sister; doe you remember

Greenes Tu Lucque.

How you once tyranizd ouer mee?

Ioy. Nay prethee leaue this iellling,
I am out of the vaine.

Gart. I, but I am in : goe speake to your Louer.

Ioy. He first be buried quicke.

Gart. How, ashamd? S'tott I tro, if I had set my affection
on a Collier, I'd nere fall backe, vnlesse it were in the right
kind: if I did, let mee be tyed to a Stake, and burnt to death
with Charcoal.

Ioy. Nay then wee shall hate.

Gart. Yes marry shall you. Sister, will you speake to him:

Ioy. No.

Gart. Doe you heare sir? heer's a Gendewoman would
speake with you.

Ioy. Why Sister, I pray Sister.

Gart. One that loues you with all her heart,
Yet is ashamd to confesse it.

Sta. Did you call, Ladyes?

Ioy. No sir, heer's no one cald.

Gart. Yes sir twas I, I cald to speake with you.

Ioy. My Sister's somewhat franque; there's no regard to
be had vnto her clamors: Will you yet leaue?
In sayth you'll anger mee.

Gart. Pasion: Come backe foole louer, turne againe and
kisse your belly full, heer's one will stand yee.

Sta. What does this meane troe?

Ioy. Yes is your humor spent?

Gart. Come let me goe, Birds that want the vse of
Reason and of Speech, can couple together in one day;
And yet you that haue both, cannot conclude in twentie:
now Sister I am euen with you, my veneme is spit, (mine:
As much happinesse may you enioy with your louer as I with
And droupe not wench, nor neuer be ashamd of hum,
The man will serue the turne, though he be wrapt
In a blew Coate, He warrant him, come.

Ioy. You're merrely disposed, Sister.

Exit Wench.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. I needs must prosper, Fortune & Loue worke for mee:
Be moderate my Ioyes; for as you grow to your full height,
So Bubbles waxeth low. *Exit.*

Enter Spendall, Sweatman, and Ticklemann.

Tick. Will my sweete Spendall be gone then?

Spend. I must vpon promise; but Ile be heere at supper:
Therefore Mistris Sweatman, provide vs some good cheare.

Sweat. The best the Market will yeeld.

Spend. Heer's twentie shillings; I protest I haue left my selfe
but a Crowne, for my spending mony: for indeed I intend to
be frugall, and turne good husband.

Tick. I marry will you, you'le to play againe, & loose your
Monie and fall to fighting; my very heart trembles to thinke
on it: how if you had been kild in the quarrell, of my sayth
I had been but a dead woman.

Spend. Come, come, no more of this; thou dost but dissemble.

Tick. Dissemble? do not you say so; for if you doe,
Gods my iudge Ile giue my selfe a gash.

Spend. Away, away, prethee no more: farewell.

Tick. Nay busse first: Well,
There's no aduersitie in the world shall part vs.

Enter Sergians.

Spend. Thou art a louing Rascall; farewell.

Sweat. You will not saye supper?

Spend. You haue my word; farewell.

1. Ser. Sir, wee arrest you.

Spend. Arrest mee, at whose suite?

2. Ser. Marry there's suites enough against you,
Ile warrant you.

1. Ser. Come, away with him.

Spend. Stay, heare mee a word.

2. Ser. What doe you say?

Exit.

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Enter Pursenet.

Tick. How now *Pursenet*, why com'st in such haste?

Purs. Shut vp your doores, and barre you *as Spendall* out,
And let him be cashiered your companie,
He is turnd Banquerout, his wares are ceazd on,
And his shop shut vp.

Tick. How, his wares ceazd on? thou dost but iest, I hope.

Purs. What this tongue doth report, these eyes haue seene,
It is no *Esop's* fable that I tell,
But it is true, as I am faythfull *Pander*.

Sweat. Nay I did euer thinke the prodigall would proue
A Banquerout, but hang him, let him rot
In prison, he comes no more within these doores
I warrant him.

Tick. Come hither, I would he would but offer it,
Weele flet him out with a pox to him.

Spend. Will you doe it?
To carrie me to prison, but vnder me

1. *Sar.* What say you fellow *Gripe*, shall we take his 40. thil.

2. *Sar.* Yes sayth, we shall haue him againe within this weeke.

1. *Sar.* Well Sir, your 40. fillings; and weele haue some compa-
passion on you.

Spend. Will you but walke with me vnto that house;
And there you shall receaue it.

Sar. What, where the women are?

Spend. Yes fir, where they haue the best of the best.

Sweat. Looke yonder, if the vngenerous rascal be not com-
ming hither,

Betwixt two *Sargiantes*: he thinks belike;

That weele relieue him, let vs goe in,

And clap the *Sargiant* on him;

Purs. It is the best course *Mistres Tickleman*.

Tick. But I say no, you shall not strike a foote,

For I will talke with him,

Spend. Nay, I am come

Even in the Minute that thou didst professe

Kind-

Greenes Tu quoque.

Kindnesse vnto mee, to make tryall of it,
Aduersitie thou Sees layes hands vpon mee,
But Fortie shillings will deliuer mee,

Tick. Why you Impudent Rogue, do you come to me for
Money?

Or do I know you? what acquaintance pray,
Hath euer past betwixt your selfe and mee?

Sar. Zounds do you mocke vs, to bring vs to these women
that do not know you?

Sweat. Yes in good Sooth, (Officers I take't you're)
Hee's a meere stranger heere: onely in charitie,
Sometimes we haue relieued him with a meale.

Spend. This is not earnest in you? Come, I know
My guiftes and bountie cannot be soone buried:
Goe prethee fetch Fourtie shillings?

Tick. Talk not to mee (you slaue) of Fourtie shillings;
For by this light that shines, aske it againe,
He send my Knife of an errand in your Gutes:
A shamelesse Rogue to come to mee for Money?

Sweat. Is he your Prisoner, Gentlemen?

Sar. Yes marry is hee.

Sweat. Pray carry him then to Prison, let him smart for't,
Perhaps it will tame the wildnesse of his youth,
And teach him how to lead a better life:

Hee had good counsell heere, I can assure you,
And if a would aooke it

Purff. I told him full my selfe, what would in few.

Spend. Furies breake loose in mee: Sargeants, let me goe, he
giue you all I haue, to purchase freedom; but for a lightning
while, to teare yond Whore, Baud, Pander; and in them, the
Diuell: for there's his Hell, his habitation; nor has hee any
other locall place.

Sar. No fir, wee take no Bribes.

Spend. Honest Sargeants, giue me leaue to vnlade
A heart ore-chargd with griefe; as I haue a soule,
He not breake from you.

H.

Thou

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Thou Strumpet, that wert borne to ruine men,
My fame, and fortune : be subiect to my Curffe,
And heare mee speake it : Mayst thou in thy youth,
Feele the sharpe Whippe ; and in thy Beldame age,
The Carr : when thou art growne to bee
An old Vpholster vnto *Venerie*,
(A Bawd I meane, to liue by Fether-beds,)
Mayst thou be driuen to sell all thou hast
Vnto thy *Agua vice Bottle*, that's the last
A Bawd will part withall ; and liue so poore,
That being turnd forth thy house, mayst die at doore.

Ser. Come sir, ha you done?

Spend. A little further giue mee leaue, I pray,
I haue a charitable Prayer to end with.

May the *French Canniball* eat into thy flesh,
And picke thy bones so cleane, that the report
Of thy Calamitie, may draw resort
Of all the common Sinners in the towne,

To see thy mingled Carcasse : and that then,
They may vpon t, turne honest, Bawd, say Amen. *Exit.*

Sweat. Out vpon him wicked villaine, how he blaspheames;

Priss. Hee will be damn'd for turning Heretique.

Tick. Hang him Banquerout rascall, let him walke in Prison,
The whilst wee spend his Goods : for I did neuer
Heare, that men tooke example by each other.

Sweat. Well, if men did rightly consider't, they should find,
That Whores and Bawdes are profitable members
In a Common-wealth : for indeed, tho wee somewhat
Impaire their Bodies, yet wee doe good to their Soules;
For I am sure, wee still bring them to Repentance.

Priss. By *Dis*, and so wee doe.

Sweat. Come, come, will you *Dis* before : thou art one of
them, that I warrant thee wilt be hangd, before thou wilt
repent. *Exit.*

Enter

Greenes Tu quoque.

Enter Rask Stayns and Geraldine.

Rask. Well this Loue is a troublesome thing, *Jupiter* bleſſe mee out of his fingers: ther's no eſtate can reſt for him: Hee runnes through all Countries, will trauell through the Ile of *Man* in a minut; but neuer is quiet till hee come into *Middle-ſex*, and there keepeſ his Chriſtmas: Tis his habitation, his manſion; from whence, Hee neuer out, till hee be fierd.

Ger. Well, do not tyranize too much, leaſt one day he make you know his Deitie, by ſending a ſhaft out of a ſparkling eye, ſhall ſtrike ſo deepe into your heart, that it ſhall make you fetch your breath ſhort againe.

Rask. And make mee cry, O eyes no eyes, but two ceſſiſſi-
all Starres! A pox ont, I de as leiu heare a fellow ſing through the noſe. How now Wenche?

Enter Garter.

Gart. Keepe your ſtation; you ſtand as well for the incoun-
ter as may be: Shee is comming on; but as melancholy, as a Baſe-vyoll in Confort.

Rask. Which makes thee as Sprightly as the Trebble.
Now doſt thou play thy prize: heer's the honorable Science one againſt another: Doe you heare Louer, the thing is done you wot off; you ſhall haue your Wenche alone without any diſturbance: now if you can doe any good, why ſo, the Siluer Game be yours, wee ſtand by and giue ayme, and hallow if you hit the Clout.

Sta. Tis all the aſſiſtance I request of you.
Bring mee but opportunatly to her preſence,
And I deſire no more: and if I cannot win her,
Let mee looſe her.

Gart. Well ſir, let me tell you, perhaps you yndertake
A harder taſke then yet you doe imagine.

Sta. A taſke, what to win a Woman, & haue opportunitie?
I would that were a taſke if ay th, for any man that weares his
wittes about him: giue me but halfe an houres

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Conference with the coldest creature of them all,
And if I bring her not into a fooles Paradise,
Ile pul out my tongue, & hang it at her doore for a draw-latch.
Vdsfoot, I'de nere stand thrumming of Caps for the matter,
Ile quickly make tryall of her if shee loue:
To haue her Beautie pray'd, Ile prayse it: if her Witte,
Ile commende it: if her good parts, Ile exalt them.
No course shall scape me; for to what focuer I saw her inclin'd
too, to that would I fit her.

Rash. But you must not doe thus to her, for shee's a subtil
flouting rogue, that will laugh you out of countenance, if you
solicite her ceriously: No, talke me to her wantonly, slightly &
carelessly, and perhaps so you may preuaile as much with her,
as wind does with a Sayle, carry her whither thou wilt, Bully.

Enter Ioyce.

Sta. Well sir, Ile follow your instruction.

Rash. Do so. And see she appeares; fall you two off from vs,
Let vs two walke together.

Ioy. Why did my enquiring eye take in this fellow,
And let him downe so easie to my heart;
Where like a Conquerour he ceases on it,
And beates all other men out of my Bossome?

Rash. Sister, you're well met,
Heer's a Gentleman desires to be acquainted with you.

Ioy. See, the Seruingman is turn'd a Gentleman,
That villanous Wench my Sister has no mercy,
Shee and my Brother has conspired together to play vpon me;
Eut Ile preuent their sport: for rather then my tongue shall
haue scopeto speake matter to giue them mirth, my heart shall
breake.

Rash. You haue your desire sir, Ile leaue you;
Grapple with her as you can.

Sat. Lady, God saue you. She turns backe vpon the motion,
Ther's no good to be done by braying for her, I see that;
I must plunge into a palsion: now for a peece of *Hero* and
Leander: t'were excellent; and prayse be to my memorie;

It

Greenes Tu Quoque.

It has reacht halfe a dozen lines for the purpose:
Well, thec shall haue them.

One is no Number; Maydes are nothing then
Without the sweete societie of Men.

Wilt thou liue single still? one shalt thou bee,
Though neuer singling *Hymen* couple thee.
Wild Sauages that drinke of running Springs,
Thinke Water farre excellis all other thing.
They that dayly taste neat Wine, despise it.

Virinitie albeit some highly prize it,
Compard with Marriage; had you tryde them both,
Differs as much, as Wine and Water doth. No?

Why then haue at you in another kind.

By the fayth of a Souldier (Lady) I doe reuerence the
ground that you walke vpon: I will fight with him that
dares say you are not faire: Stabbe him that will not pledge
your health; and with a Dagger pierce a Vaine, to drinke a
full health to you; but it shall be on this condition, that you
shall speake first.

Vdt-foor, if I could but get her to talke once, halfe my labour
were ouer: but Ile try her in an other vaine.

What an excellent creature is a Woman without a tongue?

But what a more excellent creature is a Woman that has a
tongue, and can hold her peace? But how much more ex-
cellent and fortunate a creature is that man, that has that
Woman to his wife? This cannot choose but madde her;

And if any thing make a Woman talke, tis this. It will not doe
tho yet. I pray God they haue not guld mee:

But Ile try once againe.

When will that tongue take libertie to talke?

Speake but one word, and I am satisfied:

Or doe but say but *Mum*, and I am answerd?

No sound? no accent? Is there no noyse in Woman?

Nay then without direction I ha don.

I must goe call for helpe.

Ras. How, not speake?

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. Not a fillabe, night nor sleepe, is not more silent:
Shee's as dumbe as *Westminster* Hall, in the long vacation.

Rasb. Well, and what would you haue mee doe?

Sta. Why, make her speake.

Rasb. And what then?

Sta. Why, let mee alone with her.

Rasb. I, so you sayd before, Giue you but opportunitie,
And let you alone, you'd desire no more: but come,
He try my cunning for you: See what I can doe.

How doe you Sister, I am sory to heare you are not well,
This Gent. tels mee you haue lost your tongue, I dray lels. see?
If you can but make signes whereabout you lost it, (pale,
Weele goe & looke for't: in good fayth Sister, you looke very,
In my conscience tis for griefe: will you haue
Any comfortable Drinckes sent for, this is not the way,
Come walke, seeme earnest in discourse, cast not an eye
Towards her, and you shall see weaknesse worke it selfe.

Ioy. My heart is swolne so big, that it must vent,
Or it will burst: Are you a Brother?

Rasb. Looke to your selfe Sir,
The Brazen head has spoke, and I must leaue you.

Ioy. Has shame that power in him, to make him fly:
And dare you be so impudent to stand
Iust in the face of my incensed anger?
What are you? why doe you stay? who sent for you?
You were in Garments yesterday, besitting
A fellow of your fashion; has a Crowne
Purchast that thyning Sattin of the Brokers?
Or ist a cast Suite of your goodly Maisters.

Sta. A Cast suite, Lady?

Ioy. You thinke it does become you: sayth it does not,
A Blew Coat with a Badgè, does better with you.
Goe vntrusse your Maisters Poynts, and doe not dare
To stop your Nose when as his Worship stinkes.
Ta's been your breeding.

Sta. Vds life, this is excellent: now shee talkes.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Ioy. Nay, were you a Gentleman : and which is more;
Well Landed, I should hardly loue you :

For, for your Face, I neuer saw a worse,
It lookes as if't were drawne with yellow Oacker
Vpon blacke Buckram : and that Haire

Thats on your Chin, lookes not like Beard,
But as itt had been sincard with Shoemakers Wax.

Sta. Vdsfoot, sheele make mee out of loue with my selfe.

Ioy. How dares your Basenes once aspyre vnto
So high a fortune, as to reach at mee:

Becau'e you haue heard, that some haue run away

With Butlers, Horskeepers, and their fathers Clearks;

You forsooth, cockerd with your owne suggestion,

Take heart vpon't, and thinke mee; (that am meate,

And set vp for your Maister) fit for you.

Sta. I would I could get her now to hold her tongue.

Ioy. Or cause, some times as I haue past along,

And haue retourn'd a Curtie for your Hatt;

You (as the common trickes is) straight suppose,

Tis Loue. (firreuerenc, which makes the word more beastly.)

Sta. VVhy, tis worse then scilence.

Ioy. But wee are fooles, and in our reputations

VVe find the smart on't :

Kindnesse, is rearm'd Lightnesse, in our sex :

And when we giue a Fauour, or a Kisse,

VVec giue our Good names too.

Sta. VVill you be dumbe againe.

Ioy. Men you are cald, but you're a viperous brood,

VVhom we in charitie take into our bosomes,

And cherish with our heart : for which, you sting vs.

Sta. Vds'foot; lie fetch him that waked your tongue,

To lay it downe againe.

Rash. VVhy, how now man?

Sta. O relue mee, or I shall loose my hearing,

You haue rayde a Furie vp into her tongue.

A Parliament of women could not make

Such

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Such a Confused noyse as that she vtters.

Rash. Well, what would you haue mee do?

Sar. Why make her hold her tongue.

Rash. And what then?

Sar. Why then let me alone againe.

Rash. This is very good I say th, first giue thee but opportunitie, and let thee alone: then make her but Speake, and let Thee alone: now make her hold her tongue, and then Let her alone: By my torth I thinke I were best to let Thee alone indeed: but come, follow mee, The wild Catt shall not Carry it so away, Walke, walke, as we did.

Ioy. What, haue you fetcht your Champion? what can he do? Not haue you, nor himselfe from out the storme Of my incensed rage; I will thunder into your eares, The wrongs that you haue done an innocent Mayde, Oh you're a cupple of sweet: What shall I call you? Men you are not, for if you were, You would not offer this vnto a Mayde. Wherein haue I deserued it at your hands? Haue I not been, alwayes a kind Sister to you, & in signes & tokens shewed it? Did I not send Money to you at Cambridge when you were but a Freshman, wrought you Purfes and Bandes, and since you came toth' Inn's a Court, a faire payre of Handers? Haue you not taken Rings from mee, which I haue been faine to say I haue lost, when you had paund them: and yet was neuer be- holding to you for a payre of Gloues?

Rash. A Womans tongue I see, is like a Bell, That once being set a going, goes it selfe.

Ioy. And yet you to ioyne with my sister against mee. Send one heere to play vpon mee, whilst you laugh and leere, And make a pastime on mee: is this Brotherly done? No it is Barberous, & a Turke would blush to offer it to a Christian: but I will thinke on't, and haue it written in my heart, when it hath slipt your memories.

Rash. When will your tongue be wearie?

Greenes Tu quoque.

Ioy. Neuer.

Rash. How, neuer? Come talke, and Ile talke with you,
Ile try the ninble footman ship of your tongue;
And if you can out-talke mee, yours be the victorie.

*Heere they two talke and rayle what they list,
then Rash speakes to Stayns.*

All speake. Vds'foot, dost thou stand by, and doe nothing?
Come talke, and drowne her clamors.

*Heeres they all three talke, and Ioyce giues
ouer weeping, and Exit.*

Gerald. Alas, shees spent yfayth: now the stormes ouer.

Rash. Vds'foot, Ile follow her as long as I haue any breath.

Gert. Nay no more now Brother, you haue no compafsion,
You seee shee cryes. (laine,

Sta. If I do not wonder she could talke so long, I am a vil.
She eats no Nuts I warrant her: sfoot, I am almost out of breath
VVith that little I talkt: well Gent. Brothers I might say,
For shee and I must clap hands vpon't: a match for all this.
Pray goe in; and Sister, salue the matter, collogue with her
Againe, and all shall be well: I haue a little businesse
That must be thought vpon, and tis partlie for your mirths.
Therefore let mee not (tho absent) be forgotten:
Fare well.

Rash. VVe will be mindfull of you sir, fare you well.

Ger. How now man, what tyerd, tyerd?

Rash. Zounds, and you had talkt as much as I did, you
would be tyrd I warrant: What, is shee gone in? Ile to her a-
gaine whilst my tongue is warme: and if I thought I should
be vside to this exercise I would eate euery morning an ounce
of Lickorish.

Exit.

*Enter Lodge the master of the Prison,
and Lock-fast his man.*

Lodge. Haue you sumd vp these Reckonings?

Held. Yes Sir.

Lodge. And what is owing mee?

Held. Thirtie-seuen pound odd monie.

L.

Lodge.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Lodge. How much owes the *Frenchman*?

Held. A fournightes Commons.

Lodge. Has *Spendall* any monie?

Held. Not any fir: and he has sold all his Cloaths.

Enter Spendall.

Lodge. That fellow would wast Millions, if he had them;
Whilst he has Monie, no man spends a pennie:
Aske him monie, and if he say he has none,
Be plaine with him, and turne him out oth Ward. *Exit Lodge.*

Held. I will fir. *Maister Spendall,*

My Maister has sent to you for monie,

Spend. Monie, why does he send to mee? does he thinke
I haue the Philosophers Stones, or I can clip or coyne?
How does he thinke I can come by monie?

Held. Fayth fir, his occasions are so great, that hee must
haue monie, or else he can buy no Vistuals.

Spend. Then we must starue, belike: Vdsfoot thou seest
I haue nothing left, that will yeeld mee two shillings.

Held. If you haue no monie,
You're best remoue into some cheaper Ward.

Spend. What Ward should I remoue in?

Held. Why to the Two-pennie Ward, is likeliest to hold out
with your meanes: or if you will, you may goe into the Holl,
and there you may feed for nothing.

Spend. I, out of the Almes-basket, where Charitie appears
An likenesse of a peece of stinking Fish;
Such as they beate Bawdes with when they are Carted.

Held. Why fir, doe not scorne it, as good men as your selfe,
Haue been glad to eate Scraps out of the Almsbasket.

Spend. And yet flauce, thou in pride wilt stop thy nose,
Scruce and make faces, talke contemptibly of it,
and of the feeders; surely grooms,

Enter Fox.

Held. Well fir, your mallapertnes will get you nothing.

Fox.

Fox. Heere.

Held

Greenes Tu quoque.

Held. A prisoner to the Holl, take charge of him, and vie him as scurviely as thou canst: you shall be taught your duetie fir, I warrant you.

Spend. Hence slauiſh tyrants, instruments of torture,
There is more kindneſſe yet in Whores, then you,
For when a man hath ſpent all, hee may goe
And ſeek his way, they le kicke him out of dores;
Not keepe him in as you doe, and inforce him
To be the ſubiect of their crueltie.
You haue no mercie; but be this your comfort,
The puniſhment and torturs which you doe
Inſuſt on men, the Diuels ſhall on you.

Held. Well fir, you may talke, but you ſhall ſee the end,
And who ſhall haue the worſt of it. *Exit Lock.*

Spend. Why villaine, I ſhall haue the worſt, I know it,
And am prepar'd to ſuffer like a *Stoicke*,
Or elſe (to ſpeake more properly) like a *Stocke*;
For I haue no ſence left: doſt thou thinke I haue?

Fox. Zounds, I thinke hee's madde?

Spend. Why, thou art i'th right; for I am madde indeed;
And haue been madde this two yeare. Doſt thou thinke
I could haue ſpent ſo much as I haue done
In wares and credite, had I not been madde?
Why thou muſt know, I had a faire eſtate,
Which through my ryot, I haue torne in peeces,
And ſcattered amongſt Bawdes, Buffoons, and Whores,
That fawnd on mee, and by their flatteries,
Rockt all my vnderſtanding faculties
Into a pleaſant ſlumber; where I dreamt
Of nought but ioy and pleaſure: neuer felt
How I was luld in ſenſualitie,
Vntill at laſt, Affliction waked mee:
And lighting vp the Taper of my ſoule,
Led mee vnto my ſelfe; where I might ſee
A minde and body rent with Miſerie.

A Prisoner within.

Prif. Harry Fox, Harry Fox. *Fox.* Who calles?

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Enter Prisoners.

Pris. Heer's the Bread and Meate-man come.

Fox. Well, the Bread and Meate-man, may stay a little.

Pris. Yes indeed *Harry*, the Bread and Meat-man, may stay:
But you know our Stomacks cannot stay.

Enter Gather-scrap with the Basket.

Fox. Indeed your Stomacke is alwayes first vp.

Brif. And therefore by right, should be first serued: I haue
a Stomacke like *Aqua fortis*, it will eate any thing:
O father *Gather-scrap*, here are excellent bits in the Basket.

Fox. Will you hold your Chops further; by and by youle
driuell into the Basket?

Pris. Perhaps it may doe some good; for there may be a
peece of powdered Beefe that wants watering.

Fox. Heere fir, heer's your share.

Pris. Heer's a bit indeed: whats this to a *Gargantua* Stomack?

Fox. Thou art euer grumbling.

Pris. Zounds, it would make a Dogge grumble, to want his
Viftuals: I pray giue *Spendall* none, hee came into'th Holl but
yester-night.

Fox. What, doe you refuse it?

Spend. I cannot eate, I thanke you.

Pris. No, no, giue it mee; hee's not yet feafond for our
companie.

Fox. Deuide it then amongst you. *Exit Fox & Prisoners.*

Spend. To fuch a one as thefe are, muft I come,

Hunger will draw mee into their fellowfhip,
To fight and fcramble for vnfauerie Scraps,
That come from vnknowne hands, perhaps vnwaht:
And would that were the worft; for I haue noted,
That nought goes to the Prisoners, but fuch food
As either by the weather has been tainted,
Or Children, nay fometimes full paunched Dogges,
Haue ouerlickt, as if men had determind
That the worft Sufenance, which is Gods Creatures,
How euer they're abus'd, are good enough

For

Greenes Tu Quoque.

For such vild Creatures as abuse themselves.
O what a Slaue was I vnto my Pleasures?
How drown'd in Sinne, and ouerwhelm'd in Lust?
That I could write my repentance to the world,
And force th'impression of it in the hearts
Of you, and my acquaintance, I might teach them
By my example, to looke home to Thrift,
And not to range abroad to seeke out Ruine:
Experience shewes, his Purse shall soone grow light,
Whom Dice wastes in the day, Drabs in the night:
Let all auoyde false Strumpets, Dice, and Drinke;
For hee that leaps in Mudde, shall quickly sinke.

Enter Fox and Longfield.

Fox. Yonder's the man.

Long. I thanke you.

How is it with you, sir? What on the ground
Looke vp, there's comfort towards you.

Spend. Belike some charitable Friend has sent a Shilling,
What is your Businesse?

Long. Libertie.

Spend. There's vertue in that word; Ile rise vp to you.
Pray let mee heare that chearefull word againe.

Long. The able, and wel-minded Widdow *Raistie*,
Whose hand is still vpon the poore mans Box,
Hath in her Charitie remembred you:

And beeing by your Maister seconded,
Hath taken order with your Creditors
For day, and payment; and freely from her Purse,
By mee her Deputie, thee hath discharg'd
All Duties in the House: Besides, to your necessities,
This is bequeath'd, to furnish you with Cloaths.

Spend. Speake you this seriously?

Long. Tis not my practise to mocke Miserie.

Spend. Be euer prayd that Deuinitie,
That has to my oppressed state rayfd Friends:

Greenes Tu Quoque.

still be his blessings, powred vpon their heads :
Your hand, I pray,
That haue so faythfully performd their willes :
If ere my industrie, ioyn'd with their loues,
Shall rayse mee to a competent estate,
Your name shall euer be to mee a friend.

Long. In your good wishes, you requite mee amply.

Spend. All Fees, you say, are payd there's for your loue.

Few. I thanke you sir, and glad you are releast. *Exit.*

Enter Bubble gallanted.

Bub. How Apparell makes a man respected, the very children in the streete do adore mee : for if a Boy that is throwing at his lacke-aleut chaunce to his mee on the shinnes : Why I say nothing but, *Tu quoque*, smile, and forgieue the Child with a becke of my hand, or some such like token : so by that meanes, I do seldome goe without broken shinnes.

Enter Stains like an Italian.

Sra. The blessings of your Mistres fall vpon you,
And may the heat and spirit of Hee-lip,
Endue her with matter aboue her vnderstanding,
That she may only lue to admire you, or as the *Italian* sayes;
Que que dell'fogo Giuu Coxcombe.

Bub. I doe wonder what language he speakes.
Doe you heare my friend, are not you a Coniurer?

Sra. I am sir, a perfect Traueiler, that haue trampled ouer
The face of this vneuerse, and can speake *Greeke* and
Latine as promptly, as my owne naturall Language :
I haue compold a Booke, wherein I haue set downe
All the Wonders of the world that I haue seene,
And the whole scope of my Iornies, together with the
Miseries and lowlie fortunes I haue endured therein.

Bub. O Lord Sir, are you the man ; giue me your hand :
How doe wee : in good fayth I thinke I haue heard of you.

Sra. No sir, you neuer heard of mee, I set this day footing
Vpon

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Vpon the Wharffe, I came in with the last peale of Ordinance,
And dind this day in the Exchange amongst the Marchants.
But this is friuolous and from the matter: you doe seeme
To be one of our *Gentell* spirits that doe affect *Generositie*:
Pleaseth you to be instituted in the nature, Garb, and habit,
Of the most exactest Nation in the world, the *Italians*:
Whose Language is sweetest, Cloaths neatest, and hauiour
Most accomplisht: I am one that haue spent much monie,
And time; which to me is more deare then monie, in the
Obersuation of these things: and now I am come,
I will sit me downe and rest, and make no doubt,
But by qualitie, to purchase and build, by professing this Art,
Or humane Science (as I may tearme it,) to such Honorable
And Worshipfull personages as meane to be peculiar.

Bub. This fellow has his tongue at his fingers endes:
But harke you sir, is your *Italian* the finest Gentleman?

Sra. In the world *Signeor*, your *Spaniard* is a meere *Bumbard*
to him: hee will bounce indeed, but hee will burst: But your
Italian is smooth and loftie, and his language is, Cozen germane
to the *Latine*.

Bub. Why then hee has his *Tu quoque* in his salute?

Sra. Yes sir, for it is an *Italian* word as well as a *Latine*,
And infoldes a double sence: for one way spoken,
It includes a fine Gentleman like your selfe,
And another way, it imports an Assle, like whom you will.

Bub. I would my man *Iarvis* were heere, for hee vnder-
stands these things better then I. You will not serue?

Sra. Serue, no sir, I haue talkt with the great *Sophy*.

Bub. I pary sir, whats the lowest price of being *Italianated*?

Sra. Sir, if it please you, I will stand to your bounty:
And marke me, I will set your face like a Grand signeors,
And you shall march a whole day, vtill you come opounctly
to your Mistiss,

And not disrancke one hayre of your phisnomic.

Bub. I would you would doe it Sir, if you will stand to my
Bounty, I will pay you, as I am an *Italian tu quoque*.

Sra.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. Then sir, I will first disburthen you of your Cloake,
You will be the nimbler to practise: Now sir, obserue mee,
Goe you directly to the Lady to whom you deuote your selfe.

Bub. Yes sir.

Sta. You shall set a good stay'd face vpon the matter then.
Your Band is not to your Shirt, is it?

Bub. No sir, tis loose

Sta. It is the fitter for my purpose.

I will first remooue your Hatte, it has been the fashion (as I haue heard) in *England*, to weare your Hatte thus in your eyes;
But it is grosse, naught, inconuenient, and proclaymes with a loude voyce; that hee that brought it vp first, stood in feare of Sargiants. Your *Italian* is contrarie, hee doth aduancee his Hatte, and sets it thus.

Bub. Excellent well: I would you would set on my head so.

Sta. Soft, I will first remoue your Band, and set it out of the reach of your eye; it must lie altogether backward: So, your Band is well.

Bub. Is it as you would haue it?

Sta. It is as I would wish; onely sir, this I must condition you off, in your affront or salute, neuer to mooue your Hatte: But heere, heere is your curtesie.

Bub. Nay I warrant you, let mee alone; if I perceiue a thing once, hee carrie it away: Now pray sir, reach my Cloake.

Sta. Neuer whilst you liue, sir.

Bub. No, what doe your *Italians* weare no Cloakes?

Sta. Your *Signeours* neuer: you see I am vnfurnisht my selfe.

*Enter Sir Iyo, Will Rash, Geraldine, Widow,
Garrud, and Ioyce.*

Bub. Sa'y so? prethee keepe it then. See, yonder's the companie that I looke for; therefore if you will set my face of any fashion, pray doe it quickly?

Sta. You carry your face as well as eare an *Italian* in the world, onely inrich it with a Smyle, and tis incomparable; and thus much more, at your first apparace, you shall perhaps
Strike

Greenes Tu quoque.

Strike your acquaintance into an extasie, or perhaps a laughter: but tis ignorance in them, which will soone be ouercome, if you perseuer.

Bub. I will perseuer, I warrant thee; onely doe thou stand aloofe and be not seene, because I would haue them thinke I fetcht it out of my owne practise.

Sta. Do not you feare, Ile not be seene, I warrant you. *Exit.*

Lyo. Now *Widdow*, you are welcome to my house, And to your owne house too; so you may call it: For what is mine, is yours: you may command heere, As at home, and be as soone obeyde.

Wid. May I deserue this kindnesse of you, sir?

Bub. Saue you Gent. I salute you after the *Italian* fashion.

Rash. How, the *Italian* fashion? Zounds, he has drest him rarely.

Lyo. My sonne *Bubble*, I take it?

Rash. The nether part of him I thinke is hee, But what the vpper part is, I know not.

Bub. By my troth hee's a rare fellow, he sayd true: They are all in an extasie.

Ger. I thinke hee's madde?

Loy. Nay that can not bee; for they say, they that are madde, loose their wits: and I am sure he had none to loose.

Enter Scattergood.

Lyo. How now sonne *Bubble*, how come you thus attyrd? What, do you meane to make your selfe a laughing stocke, ha?

Bub. Vm, Ignorance, ignorance.

Ger. For the loue of laughter, looke yonder, Another Hearing in the same pickle.

Rash. The tother Hobby-horse I perceiue is not forgotten.

Bub. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Scat. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bub. Who has made him such a Coxcombe too?
An Italian tu quoque.

Scat. I salute you according to the *Italian* fashion.

K.

Bub.

Greenes Tu Queque.

Bub. Puh, the *Italian* fashion? the tattered-de-malian fashion hee meanes.

Scar. Saue you sweete bloods, saue you.

Lyo. Why but what ligge is this?

Scar. Nay if I know father, would I were hangd,
I am e'ne as Innocent as the Child new borne.

Lyo. I but sonne *Bubble*, where did you two buy your Felts?

Scar. Felts? By this light, mine is a good Beauer:
It cost mee three pound this morning vpon trust.

Lyo. Nay, I thinke you had it vpon trust: for no man that
has any shame in him, would take money for it: behold Sir.

Scar. Ha, ha; ha.

Lyo. Nay neuer doe you laugh, for you're i'th same blocke.

Bub. Is this the *Italian* fashion?

Scar. No, it is the Fooles fashion:

And we two are the first that follow it.

Bub. *Et tu quoque*, are we both cozend:

Then lets shew our selues brothers in adueritie, and imbrace.

Lyo. What was hee that cheated you?

Bub. Marry sir, he was a Knaue that cheate mee.

Scar. And I thinke he was no honest man, that cheated mee,

Lyo. Doe you know him againe, if you see him?

Enter Stayne.

Bub. Yes I know him againe, if I see him:

But I doe not know how I should come to see him.

O' Jarnis, Iarnis, doe you see vs two *Jarnis*?

Sta. Yes sir, very well.

Bub. No, you doe not see vs very well;

For we haue been horribly abused:

Neuer were *Englisshmen* so gould in *Italian*, as we haue been.

Sta. Why sir, you haue not lost your Cloake and Hatte.

Bub. *Iarnis* you lie, I haue lost my Cloake and Hatte:

And therefore you must vse your credite for another.

Scar. I thinke my old Cloake and Hatte, must be glad to
serue mee till next quarter day.

Lyo. Come, take no care for Cloakes, Ile furnish you:

T.

Greenes Tu quoque.

To night you lodge with mee, to morrow morne
Before the Sunne be vp, prepare for Church,
The *Widdow* and I haue so concluded on't:
The *Wench*es vnderstand not yet so much,
Nor shall not, vntill bedtime: then will they,
Not sleepe a wincke all night, for very ioy.

Scar. And Ile promise the next night;
They shall not sleepe for ioy neither.

Lyo. O Maister *Geraldine*, I saw you not before:
Your Father now is come to towne, I heare?

Ger. Yes Sir.

Lyo. Were not my businesse earnest, I would see him:
But pray intreat him breake an hower, sleepe
To morrow morne, t'accompanie mee to Church;
And come your selfe I pray along with him.

Enter Spendall.

Ger. Sir, I thanke you.

Lyo. But looke, heere comes one,
That has but lately shooke off his Shackles:
How now sirra, wherefore come you?

Spend. I come to craue a pardon sir, of you,
And with heartie and zelous thanks
Vnto this worthy Lady, that hath giuen mee
More then I ere could hope for: Libertie.

Wid. Be thankfull vnto Heauen, and your Maister:
Nor let your heart grow bigger then your Purse,
But liue within a limit, least you burst out
To Ryot, and to Miserie againe:

For then t'would loose the benefite I meant it.

Lyo. O you doe graciously, tis good aduice:
Let it take roote sirra, let it take roote.

But come *Widdow* come, and see your Chambers;
Nay your companie too, for I must speake with you. *Exit.*

Spend. Tis bound vnto you Sir.

Bub. And I haue to talke with you too, *Mistris Ioyce*:

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Pray a word.

Ioy. What would you, Sir?

Bub. Pray let me see your hand: the line of your Mayden-head is out. Now for your Fingers; vpon which Finger will you weare your wedding Ring?

Ioy. Vpon no Finger.

Bub. Then I perceiue you meane to weare it on your thumb. Well, the time is come sweet *Ioyce*, the time is come.

Ioy. What to doe, sir?

Bub. For mee to tickle thy *Tu quoque*; to doe the act of our forefathers: therefore prepare, prouide,

To morrow morne to meete mee as my Brde.

Exit.

Ioy. Ile meete thee like a Ghost first.

(foole?)

Gart. How now, what matter haue you fished out of that

Ioy. Matter as poysoning as Corruption,
That will without some Antidote strike home
Like blew Infection to the very heart.

Rash. As how, for Gods sake?

Ioy. To morrow is the appoynted Wedding day.

Gart. The day of doome it is?

Gert. T'would be a dismall day indeed to some of vs.

Ioy. Sir, I doe know you loue mee; and the time
Will not be dallyed with: bee what you seeme,
Or not the same: I am your Wife, your Mistris,
Or your Seruant; indeed what you will make mee:
Let vs no longer wrangle with our Witters,
Or dally with our Fortunes; lead mee hence,
And carry mee into a Wildernesse:
Ile fast with you, rather then feast with him.

Sta. What can be welcommer vnto these armes
Nor my estate recouerd, is more sweete,
Nor strikes more ioy in mee, then does your loue.

Rash. Will you both kisse then vpon the bargain,
Heere's two couple on you; God giue you ioy.
I wish well to you, and I see tis all the good that I can doe you:
And so to your shifts I leaue you.

Ioy.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Soy. Nay Brother, you will not leaue vs thus, I hope.

Rash. Why what would you haue me do, you meane to run away togeather, would you haue me run with you, and so loose my Inheritance: no, trudge, trudge with your backes to mee, and your bellies to them: away.

Ger. Nay I prethee be not thus vnseasonable:
Without thee wee are nothing.

Rash. By my troth, and I thinke so too: you loue one another in the way of Matrimonie, doe you not?

Ger. What else man?

Rash. What else man? why tis a question to be askt,
For I can assure you, there is an other kind of loue:
But come follow mee, I must be your good Angell still:
Tis in this braine how to preuent my Father, and his brace
Of Beagles: you shall none of you be bid to night:
Follow but my direction, if I bring you not,
To haue and to hold, for better for worse, let me be held an
Eunuch in wit, and one that was neuer Father to a good Feast.

Ger. Wee'le be instructed by you.

Rash. Well, if you bee, it will be your owne another day.
Come follow mee.

*Spendall meetes them, and they looke strangely
upon him, and Exit.*

Spend. How ruthlesse men are to aduersitie,
My acquaintance scarce will know mee, when wee meet
They cannot stay to talke, they must be gone;
And shake mee by the hand as if I burnt them:
A man must trust vnto himselfe, I see;
For if hee once but halt in his estate,
Friendship will prooue but broken Crutches to him:
Well, I will leane to none of them, but stand
Free of my selfe: and if I had a spirit
Daring to aske what I am prompted to,
I must thrust out into the world againe,

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Full blossomed with a sweete and golden Spring:
It was an argument of loue in her
To fetch mee out of Prison, and this night,
She claspt my hand in hers, as who should say,
Thou art my Purchase, and I hold thee thus:
The worst is but repulse, if I attempt it:
I am resolut, my Geneus whispers to mee
Go on and win her, thou art young and active,
Which she is apt to catch at, for there's nought
That's more vnsteadfast, then a womans thought.

*Enter Sir Lyo, Will Raso, Scatter-good, Bubble,
Widdow, Garred, Ioyce, Phillis,
and Seruant.*

Lyo. Heere's ill lodging *Widdow*: but you must know,
If wee had better, wee could afford it you.

Wid. The lodging Sir, might serue better Guestes.

Lyo. Not better, *Widdow*, nor yet welcommer:

But wee will leaue you to it, and the rest:

Phillis, pray let your Mistris want not any thing,

Once more Good night, Ile leaue a kisse with you,

A earnest of a better Giift to morrow,

Sirrah, a Light.

Wid. Good rest to all.

Bub. Et tu quoque, forsooth.

Scat. God giue you good-night, forsooth;
And send you an early resurrection.

Wid. God-night to both.

Lyo. Come, come away, each Bird vnto his nest,
To morrow night's a time of little rest:

Exeunt Widdow and Phillis.

Wid. Heere vntic: fof, let it alone,

I haue no disposition to sleepe yet:

Giue mee a Booke, and leaue mee for a while,

Some halfe houre hence, looke into mee.

Phis. I shall forsooth.

Exit Phillis.

Enter

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Enter Spendall.

Wid. How now, what makes this bold intrusion?

Spend. Pardon mee Lady, I haue busines to you.

Wid. Busines, from whom, is it of such importance
That it craues present hearing?

Spend. It does.

Wid. Then speake it, and be briefe..

Spend. Nay gentle *Widdow*, be more plyant to mee.
My suite is soft and courtious : full of loue.

Wid. O floue?

Spend. O floue.

Wid. Why sure the man is madde? bethinke thy selfe,
Thou hast forgot thy errand?

Spend. I haue indeed, faire Lady ; for my errand
Should first haue been deliuered on your lippes.

Wid. Why thou impudent fellow, vnthrif of shame,
As well as of thy purse ; What has mooued thee
To prosecute thy ruine? hath my bountie,
For which thy Maister was an orator,
Importune thee to pay mee with abuse?
Sirra retire, or I will to your shame,
With clamors rayse the house, and make your Maister
For this attempt, returne you to the Dungeon,
From whence you came.

Spend. Nay then I must be desperate:
Widdow, hold your Clapdish, fasten your Tongue
Vnto your Roofe, and do not dare to call,
But giue mee audience, with feare and silence :
Come kisse mee : No?

This Dagger has a poynt, doe you see it?

And be vnto my suite obedient,

Or you shall feele it too:

For I will rather totter, hang in cleane Linnen,

Then liue to scrub it out in low sic Lynings.

Go too, kisse : You will? why so : Againe: the third time?

Good,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Good, tis a sufficient Charme: Now heare mee,
You are rich in Mony, Lands, and Lordships,
Mannors, and sayre Possessions, and I haue not so much
As one poore Coppy-hold to thrust my head in.
Why should you not then haue compassion
vpon a reasonable handsome fellow,
That has both youth and liuelihood vpon him;
And can at midnight quicken and refresh
Pleasures decayed in you? You want Children,
And I am strong, lusty, and haue a backe
Like *Hercules*, able to get them
Without the helpe of Muscadine and Eggs:
And will you then, that haue inough,
Take to your Bed a bundle of diseases,
Wrapt vp in threescore yeares, to lie a hawking,
Spitting, and coughing backwards and forwards
That you shall not sleepe; but thrusting forth
Your face out of the Bed, be glad to draw
The Curtaines, such a steame shall reeke
Out of this dunghill. Now what say you?
Shall we without further wrangling clap it vp,
And goe to Bed together?

Wid. Will you heare mee?

Knocks within.

Spend. Yes with all my heart,
So the first word may bee, Vntrusse your Poynts.
Zounds one knocks: do not stirre I charge you,
Nor speake, but what I bid you:
For by these Lippes, which now in loue I kisse,
If you but struggle, or but rayse your voyce,
My arme shall rise with it, and strike you dead.
Go too, come on with mee, and aske who's there?

Wid. It is my Mayde.

Spend. No matter, doe as I bid you: say, Who's there?

Wid. Who's there?

Within Phillis. Tis I, forsooth.

Spend. If it be you, forsooth, then pray stay.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Till I shall call vpon you.

Wid. If it be you forsooth, then pray you stay,
Till I shall call vpon you.

Spend. Very well, why now I see
Thou'lt prooue an obedient wife, come, let's vndresse.

Wid. Will you put vp your naked weapon fir?

Spend. You shall pardon mee (Widdow) I must haue you
grant first.

Wid. You will not put it vp.

Spend. Not till I haue some token of your loue.

Wid. If this may be a testimonie take it. *Kisse him.*

By all my hopes I loue thee, thou art worthy
Of the best widdow liuing, thou tak'st the course;
And those that will win widdowes must doe thus.

Spen. Nay, I knew what I did, when I came with my naked
weapon in my hand; but come, vnlace.

Wid. Nay my deare loue, know that I will not yeeld
My body vnto lust, vntill the Priest
Shall ioyne vs in *Hymens* sacred nuptiall rites.

Spend. Then set your hand to this, nay 'tis a contract
Strong and sufficient, and will holde in Lawe,
Heere, heere's pen and incke, you see I come provided.

Wid. Giue me the penne.

Spend. Why heere's some comfort,
Yet write your name faire I pray,
And at large; why now 'tis very well,
Now widdow you may admit your Maid,
For i'th next roome I'll goe fetch a napppe.

Wid. Thou shalt not leaue me so, come pre thee sit,
Wee'l talke a while, for thou hast made my heart
Dance in my bosome I receiue such ioy.

Spend. Thou art a good wench yfaith, come kisse vpon't.

Wid. But will you be a louing husband to me,
Auoyde all naughty company, and be true
To me, and to my bedde?

Spend. As true to thee, as Steele to Adamant.

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Binde him to the poast.

Wid. I'll binde you to your word, see that you be,
Or I'll conceale my bagges, I haue kinsfolkes,
To whom I'll mak't ouer, you shall not haue a penny.

Spend. Puff, pre thee doe not doubt me,
How now, what meanes this?

Wid. It means my vengeance; nay fir, you are fast,
Nor doe not dare to struggle, I haue libertie,
Both of my tongue and feet, I'll call my maid:

Phillis come in, and helpe to triumph, *Enter Phillis.*
Ouer this bolde Intruder, wonder not wench,
But goe vnto him, and ranfacke all his pockets.
And take from thence a Contract which he forc'd
From my vnwilling fingers:

Spend. Is this according to your oath.

Phillis Come fir, I must search you.

Spend. I pre thee do.

And when thou tak'st that from me, take my life too.

Wid. Hast thou it gerle?

Phill. I haue a paper heere.

Wid. It is the same, giue it me, looke you fir,
Thus your new fancied hopes I teare asunder:
Poore wretched man, t'ha't had a golden dreame,
Which guiled o're thy calamitie:
But being awake thou findest it ill laid on,
For with one finger I haue wip'd it off:
Goe fetch me hither the Casket that containes
My choicest Jewells, and spread them heere before him;
Looke you fir:

Heere's gold, pearle, rubies, saphires, diamonds;
These would be goodly things for you to pawne,
Or reuell with amongst your Curtizans,
Whilst I and mine did starue: why dost not curse,
And vtter all the mischiefes of thy heart,
Which I know swells within thee, powre it out,
And let me heare thy fury.

Spend.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Spend. Neuer, neuer:

When ere my tongue shall speake but well of thee,
It prooues no faithfull seruant to my heart.

Wid. Falsie traitor to thy maister, and to me,
Thou liest, there's no such thing within thee.

Spend. May I be burn'd to vgliness, to that
Which you and all men hate, but I speake truth.

Wid. May I be turn'd a monster, and the shame
Of all my Sex, ——— and if I not beleue thee,
Take me vnto thee, these, and all that's mine,
Were it thrice trebled, thou wert worthy all:
And doe not blame this triall, cause it shews
I giue my selfe vnto thee, am not forc'd,
And with't alone, that ne'r shall be diuorc'd.

Spend. I am glad 'tis come to this yet, by this light
Thou putt'st me into a horrible feare:

But this is my excuse: know that my thoughts
Were not so desperate as my actions seem'd,
For fore my dagger should ha drawne one droppe
Of thy chaste blood, it should haue sluc'd out mine:
And the cold point stricke deepe into my heart:
Nor better be my fate, if I shall moue
To any other pleasure but thy loue.

Wid. It shall be in my Creed: but lett's away,
For night with her blacke Steeds draws vp the day. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Rast, Staines, Geraldine, Garet, Ioyce, and
a Boy with a Lanthorne.*

Rast. Softly Boy, softly, you thinke you are vpon firme
ground, but it is dangerous; you'l neuer make a good thiefe,
you rogue, till you learne to creepe vpon all foure: if I do not
sweate with going this pace: euery thing I see, mee thinkes,
should be my father in his white beard.

Sta. It is the property of that passion, for feare
Still shapes all things we see to that we feare.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Rash. Well said Logicke, sister, I pray lay hold of him.
For the man I see is able to giue the Watch an answer, if they
Enter Spendall, Widow, and Phillis.

should come vpon him with Interrogatories: zownds wee are
discouered, boy, come vp close, and vse the property of your
Lanthorne: what dumbe shew should this be? (vs.)

Gerul. They take their way directly, intend nothing gainst

Sta. Can you not discern who they are?

Ioyce. One is *Spendall*.

Gari. The other is the Widdow as I take it:

Sta. Tis true, and that's her maid before her.

Rash. What a night of conspiracie is heere, more villanie?
there's another goodly mutton going, my father is fleeced of
all, grieve will giue him a box ysaith, but 'tis no great matter,
I shall inherit the sooner, nay fust sir, you shall not passe so cur-
rant with the matter, I'll shake you alittle: who goes there?

Spend. Out with the Candle, who's that asks the question?

Rash. One that has some reason for't.

Spend. It should be, by the voyce, yong *Rash*.

Why we are honest folkes.

Rash. Pray where do you dwell? not in towne I hope.

Spend. Why we dwell, zownds where doe we dwell?
I know not where.

Rash. And you'd be married you know not when, zownds
it were a Christian deed to stoppe thee in thy iourney: halt thou
no more spirit in thee, but to let thy tongue betray thee. Sup-
pose I had beene a Constable, you had beene in a fine taking,
had you not?

Spend. But my still worthy friend,
Is there no worfe face of ill bent towards me,
Then that thou merrily putt'st on.

Rash. Yes, heere's soure or fiue faces more, but ne'r an ill
one, though neuer an excellent good one, Boy, vp with your
lanthorne of light, and shew him his associats, all running a-
way with the flesh as thou art, goe yoake together, you may
be oxen one day, and draw all together in a plough, go march
together.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

together, the Parson staies for you; pay him royally, come, giue me the Lanthorne, for you haue light sufficient, for night has put off his blacke Cappe, and salutes the morne, now farewell my little children of *Cupid*, that walke by two and two as if you went a feasting: let mee heare no more words, but be gone.

Spend. & Sta. Farewell.

Gart. & Ioyce Farewell brother. *Manet Rash.*

Rash. I, you may crie farewell, but if my father should know of my villanie, how should I fare then? but all's one, I ha' done my sisters good, my friends good, and my selfe good, and a generall good is alwaies to be respected before a particular, ther's eight score pounds a yeare saued, by the conueyance of this widdow; I heare footesteps, now darkenesse take me into thy armes, and deliuer me from discouery. *Exit.*

Enter sir Lyonell.

Lyonell Lord, lord, what a carelesse world is this, neyther Bride nor Bridegroom ready, time to goe to Church, and not a man vnroosted, this age has not seene a yong Gallant rise with a candle, we liue drowned in feather-beds, and dreame of no other felicitie: this was not the life when I was a yong man, what makes vs so weake as wee are now? a feather-bed: what so vnapt for exercise? a feather-bed: what breedes such paines and aches in our bones? why a feather-bed or a wench, or at least a wench in a feather-bed: is it not a shame, that an olde man as I am should be vp first, and in a wedding day, I thinke in my conscience there's more mettall in laddes of three score, then in boyes of one and twenty. *Enter Basket hilt.*

Why Basket hilt.

Bask. Heere sir.

Lyon. Shall I not be trussed to day?

Bask. Yes sir, but I went for water.

Lyon. Is *Will Rash* vp yet?

Basket. I thinke not sir, for I heard no body stirring in the house.

Lyon. Knocke sirra at his chamber,

Knocke within.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

The house might be plucked downe and builded againe
Before hee'd wake with the noyse. *Rash aloft.*

Rash. Who's that keepe such a knocking, are you madde?

Lyon. Rather thou art drunke, thou lazy slowch,
That mak'st thy bed thy graue, and in it buriest
All thy youth and vigor; vp for shame.

Rash. Why 'tis not two a clocke yet.

Lyo. Out sluggish knaue 'tis neerer vnto five,
The whole house has out-slept themselves, as if they had drunk
wilde poppy: Sirra, goe you and raise the maides, and let them
call vpon their mistresses.

Bask. Well sir, I shall.

[Exit.]

[Enter Scattergood and Bubble.]

Scatt. Did I eate any Lettise to supper last night, that I am
so sleepeie, I thinke it be day light, brother *Bubble.*

Bub. What sai'st thou brother? heigh ho!

Lyon. Fie, fie, not ready yet? what sluggishnesse
Hath seiz'd vpon you? why thine eyes are close still.

Bub. As fast as a Kentish oyster, surely I was begotten in a
Plumb-tree,

I ha such a deale of gunme about mine eies. *Enter Seruant.*

Lyon. Lord how you stand! I am a sham'd to see
The Sunne should be a witnesse of your slouth,
Now sir, your haste.

Bask. Marry sir, there are guests comming to accompany
you to church.

Ly. Why this is excellent, men whom it not concerns
Are more respectiue then we that are maine Actors.

Bub. Father *Rash*, be not so outrageous, we will goe in and
buckle our selues, all in good time, how now! what's this a-
bout my shinnes? *Enter old Geraldine, and Long-field.*

Scatt. Me thought our shankes were not fellowes, we haue
metamorphosed our stockings for want of splendor. *Exit.*

Bub. Pray what's that *Splendor*?

Scatt. Why 'tis the Latin word for a Christmasse candle

Lyon. O Gentlemen, you loue, you honour mee, welcome,
welcome

Greenes Tu Quoque.

welcome good Master *Geraldine*, you haue taken paines
To accompany an vnderferuing friend. *Enter Phillis.*

Old Ger. You put vs to a needelesse labour sir,
To runne and winde about for circumstance,
When the plaine word, I thanke you, would haue seru'd.

Lyon. How now wench, are the females ready yet?

The time comes on vpon vs, and we ruane backward:

We are so vntoward in our busines,

We thinke not what we haue to doe, nor what we doe.

Phill. I know not sir whether they know what to doe, but
I am sure they haue beene at Church well-nie an houre, they
were afraid you had got the start of them, which made them
make such haste.

Lyon. It's possible, what thinke you Gentlemen?
Are not these wenches forward? is there not vertue in a man
can make yong Virgins leaue their beddes so soone.

But is the widdow gone along with them?

Phill. Yes sir, why she was the ring-leader.

Lyo. I thought as much, for she knowes what belong's to't,

Come Gentlemen, me thinks 'tis sport to see

Yong wenches run to church before their husbands: *En. Rast.*

Faith we shall make them blush for this ere night:

A fira, are you come? why that's well said;

I mar'd indeede that all things were so quiet,

Which made me thinke th'ad not vnwrapt their sheets:

Enter Seruant with a cloake.

And then were they at Church I holde my life:

Maides thinké it long vntill ech be made a wife.

Enter Spand Sta. Geraldine, Widdow Gattred, and Ioyce.

Hast thou my cloake knauc? well said, put it on,

Wee'l after them; let me goe hasten both,

Both the Bridegroomes forward, wee'l walke alittle

Softly on afore: but see, see, if they be not come

To fetch vs now, we come, we come,

Bid them returne, and saue themselues this labour.

Rast. Now haue I a quartane ague vpon me.

Lyon.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Lyonell. Why how now! why come you from Church to kneele thus publicly, what's the matter?

Ger. We kneele fir for your blessing.

Lyon. How, my blessing! Master *Geraldine*, is not that your sonne?

Old Ger. Yes fir, and that I take it is your daughter.

Lyon. I suspect knavery, what are you?

Why doe you kneele hand in hand with her?

Sta. For a fatherly blessing too fir.

Lyon. Hoy day! 'tis palpable, I am gull'd, and my sonne *Scatter-good* and *Bubble* fool'd, you are married?

Spend. Yes fir, we are married.

Lyon. More villanie! euery thing goes the wrong way.

Spend. We shall goe the right way anone, I hope.

Lyon. Yes marry shall you, you shall cene to the Counter againe, and that's the right way for you.

Wid. O you are wrong,

The prison that shall hold him are these armes.

Lyon. I doe feare that I shall turne stinckard, I do smell such a matter: you are married then?

Enter Scatter-good and Bubble.

Spend. *Ede signum*, heere's the wedding Ring t'affirme it.

Lyon. I belecue the knaue has druncke *Ipcras*,
He is so pleasant.

Seat. God morrow Gentlemen.

Bub. *Tu quoque* to all: what, shall we goe to Church?
Come, I long to be about this geare.

Lyon. Doe you heare me, will you two goe sleepe againe?
take out the tother nap, for you are both made Cockes-combes,
and so am I.

Seat. How, Cockes-combes!

Lyon. Yea Cockes-combes.

Scatt. Father, that word Cockes-comb goes against my stomacke.

Bub. And against mine, a man might ha digested a Wood-cocke better.

Lyon.

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Lyon. You two come now to goe to church to be married,
And they two come from Church, and are married.

Bub. How, married! I would see that man durst marry her.

Ger. Why fir, what would you doe?

Bub. Why fir I would forbid the banes,

Scatt. And so would I.

Lyon. Doe you know that youth in Sattin, hee's the peener
that belongs to that Inck-horne.

Bub. How, let me see, are not you my man *Gernase?*

Stainor *Stainor* Yes fir.

Enter a Sergeant.

Bub. And haue you married her?

Stainor *Scat.* Yes fir.

Bub. And doe you thinke you haue vsde me well?

Stainor *Scat.* Yes fir.

Bub. O intollerable rascall! I will presently be made a Justice of Peace, and haue thee whipp'd, goe fetch a Constable.

Stainor *Scat.* Come, y'are a flourishing Ass; Sergeant take him to thee, he has had a long time of his pageantry.

Lyon. Sirra let him goe, I'll be his baile, for all debts which come ageinst him.

Stainor *Scat.* Reuerend fir, to whom I owe the duty of a soane,
Which I shall euer pay in my obedience:

Know that which made him: gracious in your eyes,

And guilded ouer his imperfections,

Is wasted and consumed euen like ice,

Which by the vehemence of heate dissolues,

And glides to many riuers, so his wealth,

That felt a prodigall hand, hote in expence,

Melted within his gripe, and from his coffers,

Ranne like a violent streame to other mens,

What was my owne, I catch'd at.

Stainor *Lyon.* Haue you your morgage in?

Scat. Yes fir.

Lyon. Stand vp, the matter is well amended,

Master *Geraldine*, you giue sufferance to this match.

Old Ger. Yes marry doe I fir, for since they loue,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

He must haue the crime lie on my head,
To diuide man and wife.

Lyon. Why you say well, my blessing fall vpon you,

Will. And vpon vs that loue sir *Lyonell*.

Lyon. By my troth since thou hast tane the yong knaue,
God giue thee ioy of him, and may ne proue
A wiser man then his Master.

Sta. Sergeant, why dost not carry him to prison?

Serg. Sir *Lyonell* *Rash* will baile him.

Lyon. I baile him knaue! wheretore should I baile him?
No, carry him away, I'll relieue no prodigalls.

Bub. Good sir *Lyonell*, I beseech you sir, Gentlemen, I pray
make a purse for me.

Serr. Come sir, come, are you begging?

Bub. Why that does you no harme *Gernase*, master I should
say; some compassion.

Sta. Sergeants, come backe with him, looke sir, heere is
your liuery,

If you can put off all your former pride,
And put on this with that humilitie
That you first wore it, I will pay your debts,
Free you of all incombances,
And take you againe into my seruice.

Bub. Tenter-hooke let mee goe, I will take his worships
offer without wages, rather then come into your clutches a-
gaine; a man in a blew coate may haue some colour for his
knauery, in the Counter he can haue none.

Lyon. But now *M. Scatter-good*, what say you to this?

Scat. Marry I say 'tis scarce honest dealing for any man to
Conny-catch another mans wife, I protest wee'l not put it vp.

Sta. No, which wee?

Scatt. Why *Gartred* and I.

Sta. *Gartred*, why shce'l put it vp.

Scatt. Will shce?

Ger. I that she will, and so must you.

Scatt. Must I?

Ger.

Greenes Tu quoque.

Ger. Yes that you must.

Scut. Well, if I must, I must; but I protest I would not:
But that I must: So *vale, vale: Et tu quoque.* *Exit.*

Lyon. Why that's well said,
Then I perceiue we shall wind vp all wrong:
Come Gentlemen, and all our other guests:
Let our well-temper'd bloods taste *Bacchus* feasts,
But let vs know first how these sports delight,
And to these Gentlemen each bid good night.

Rash. Gentles, I hope, that well my labor ends,
All that I did was but to please my friends.

Ger. A kind enamouret I did striue to proue,
But now I leaue that, and pursue your loue.

Garr. My part I haue performed with the rest,
And though I haue not, yet I would doe best.

Sir. That I haue cheated through the Play, 'tis true,
But yet I hope, I haue not cheated you.

Joyce. If with my clamors I haue done you wrong,
Euer hereafter I will hold my tongue.

Spend. If through my riot I haue offense beene,
Henceforth I'll play the ciuil Citizen.

Wid. Faith all that I say, is, how ere it happe,
Widdowes like Maids sometimes may catch a clappe.

Bub. To mirth and laughter henceforth I'll prouoke ye,
If you but please to like of *Greenes Tu quoque.*

FINIS.

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